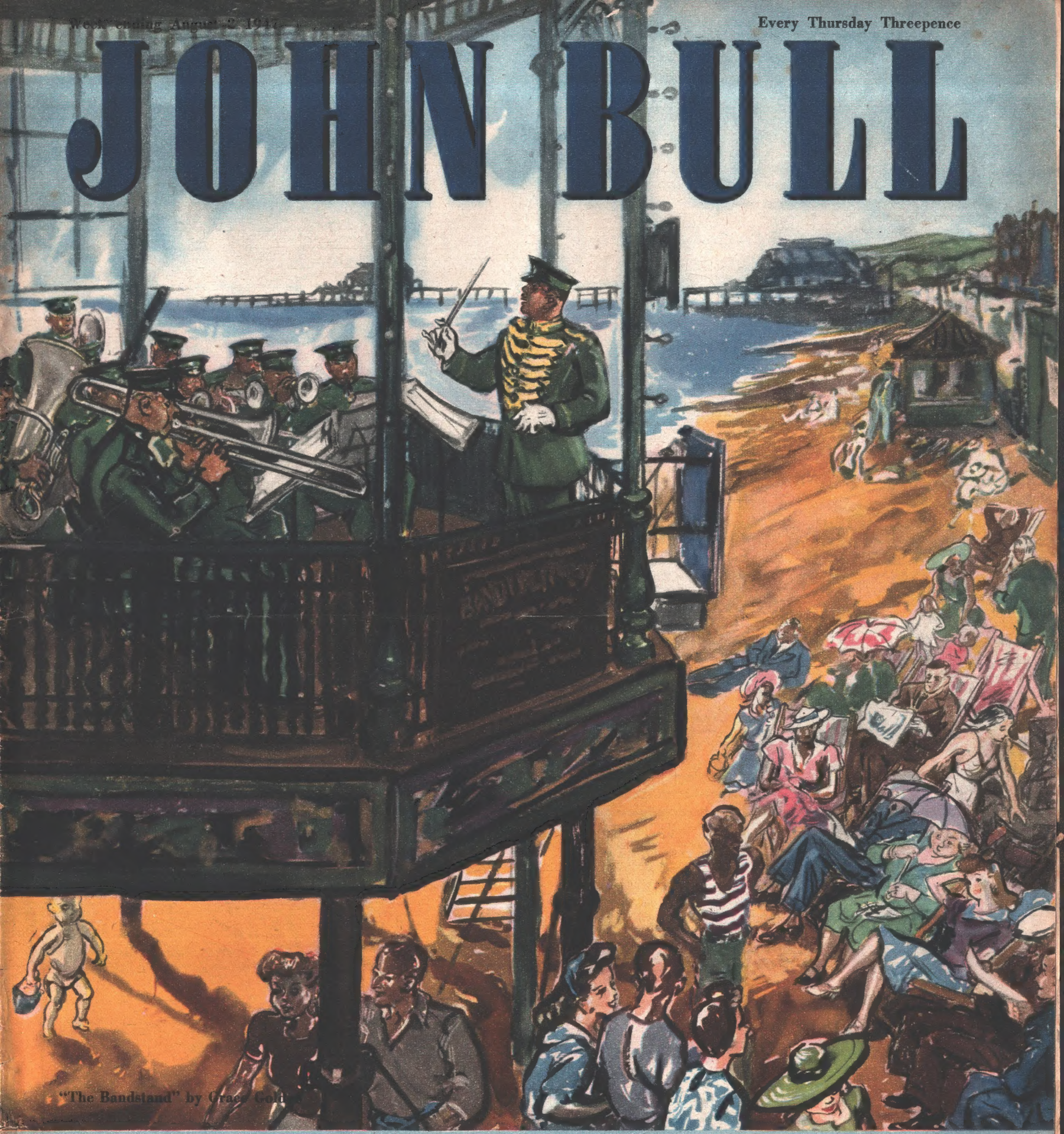
Week-ending August 2 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



"The Bandstand" by Grace Gold

Why Shouldn't Women Have Test Tube Babies? Asks Dr. Harvey Graham

SEE PAGE 11

No such word as can't . . .

An evening out may be an ordeal if it happens on a "wrong day" . . . . unless you know about Modess. Rounded sides and ends prevent revealing outlines, waterproof backing gives confidence, downy softness ensures comfort.

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One of the many good things to be said for fish is that it cooks so quickly. Worth remembering in the warm weather when you don't want to spend much time in a hot kitchen!

When BOILING or STEAMING fish allow
For a thin piece, 7 minutes per pound and 7 minutes extra.
For a thick piece, 10 minutes per pound and 10 minutes extra.

When BAKING fish allow
For a piece up to 4 pounds, 10 minutes per pound and 5 minutes for each additional pound, although the time required depends very largely on the thickness of the fish.

Why not keep a look out for new fish recipes? Then you can serve fish two or three times a week and each time it will be a pleasant surprise. Here are two to start with. All, of course, are kitchen-tested.

CURRIED FISH PIE

1 lb. fillet of fish, 1½ level tablespoons curry powder, 3 level tablespoons flour, 3 oz. dates, chopped, 3 oz. onion, chopped, 3 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, just under ¼ pint milk and water, 6 oz. short-crust pastry.

Skin fish and cut into cubes. Dip cubes in curry powder and flour mixed together. Place fish, dates, onion and seasoning in alternate layers in greased pie-dish (1½ pint size). Sprinkle any remaining curry powder and flour over fish and pour over the milk and water. Cover with the pastry in usual way, make a 1" slit in pastry cover. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

FISH AND GREEN SALAD

8 oz. cooked fish, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, fresh or dried, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch of paprika pepper, pinch of black pepper, 1-1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped onion, 2 level tablespoons salad dressing, 1 lettuce, 1 bunch of watercress, ¼ pint cooked peas, a few cooked runner beans when available, parsley.

Mix fish, egg, parsley, seasonings and onion well together. Add salad dressing. Divide mixture into four mounds and arrange on a dish on a bed of lettuce. Decorate with watercress, peas, beans if used, and parsley.

FISH FACTS

Lb. for lb. fish contains the same quality *and* almost the same quantity of body-building nourishment as beef. This is the nourishment that makes muscle and other tissues. Fish also gives you a valuable amount of calcium, the mineral so important in the building of bones and teeth.

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JOHN BULL

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AUGUST 2, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2144

A Holiday—For The Noose

STRONG IN NUMBERS and with a strong case, those M.P.s who want to abolish the death penalty are looking forward to October when the next Session of Parliament begins.

They will press the Government to include an "end hanging" clause in the great measure for reform of our criminal laws which Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, is now preparing.

For many years the national conscience has grown increasingly tender about capital punishment.

And many notable adherents have been gained for the viewpoint which sincerely holds it barbarous for a civilized society to take a life for a life.

But for the war, we should no doubt already have seen at least a first attempt to legislate against capital punishment.

That attempt would have been contested—largely on the ground that hanging is a very real deterrent to murder. But now the reformers can argue in Parliament that hanging has recently proved to be a very poor deterrent indeed. A postwar crime wave of shocking proportions has produced scores of murders.

If the noose is not a real deterrent, it is quite inexcusable. We can best settle that argument by having a trial period without capital punishment. Let Chuter Ede include such a provision in his Bill, and then let him allow a free vote of the House of Commons.

If each M.P. voted according to his conscience, this great humane experiment would get its chance to succeed.

Not Good Enough, Korda!

BALLYHOO ABOUT the dollar earnings of British films in America has been overdone. It has been carried to a point at which anyone listening for the first time would think that the British film industry existed, not to make films for our own cinemas, but "for export only."

That is plain nonsense. The principal market for our films will always be our own audiences here at home. And if we made more films, we should not have to buy so many from America, and therefore we should save the dollars of which we are now so short.

Why don't we? No less a personage than Sir Alexander Korda, chairman of London Film Productions, Ltd., has let the industry's cat out of the bag. He says that the British studios could make two hundred films a year "right away." It does not do so because they would not all be good ones—and if they weren't, we could not sell them abroad.

A great proportion of the Hollywood films we import are trash, and, moreover, they portray a way of life and a standard of values which is not ours, and which we don't want to copy.

The argument really boils down to this: we should go on paying American dollars for bad American films rather than make the extra effort needed to improve our own productions!

No, Sir Alexander, it won't do. If it is true that we can make two hundred films a year, we should get busy forthwith.

Never mind the exports for once. We shall never make as much money by selling films abroad as we should save if nine out of every ten films shown in our cinemas were made at Shepherd's Bush, Denham or Elstree.

Two hundred films a year means a double feature programme changed twice a week all the year round.

Then indeed we could pick and choose very carefully among the choicest products of Hollywood—and only when we wanted a change.

Stand By The Aussies

AMERICA WANTS TO START talks about a peace treaty with Japan. We say no, not yet, not until after the Commonwealth nations have had their own talks about it in Australia at the end of this month.

That is fair enough. The Americans will have to wait. They have had things all their own way in Japan so far, and they have shut up the ex-enemy coral isles in the Pacific as tight as ever the Japs did.

This vital treaty-making must not be rushed—and the interests of Australia and New Zealand must be fully considered.

The future of Japan matters more to Australia than to any other white nation. She was very nearly invaded last time; and largely by her tremendous efforts in New Guinea and elsewhere the enemy was exhausted and beaten. The story of Australia's part as a Jap-beater in the years 1941-45 has never been fully told.

Justice for Australia in the Japanese settlement must be the prime aim of British Commonwealth policy. We must see to it, above all, that Australia's interests are not sacrificed because America and Russia want to make another Germany of the former Japanese Empire.

In Europe we are already experiencing the disastrous results of these two giants' rivalry. Let's not have the same story retold in the Far East. One effect would be to deny Australia the safe and prosperous future she earned by her courage and self-sacrifice in the late war.

Our Government in London should make it clear that all Britain's resources of influence and statesmanship will be used to ensure, when Japan's fate is being fixed, a square deal Down Under.

More Pay—Less Tipping

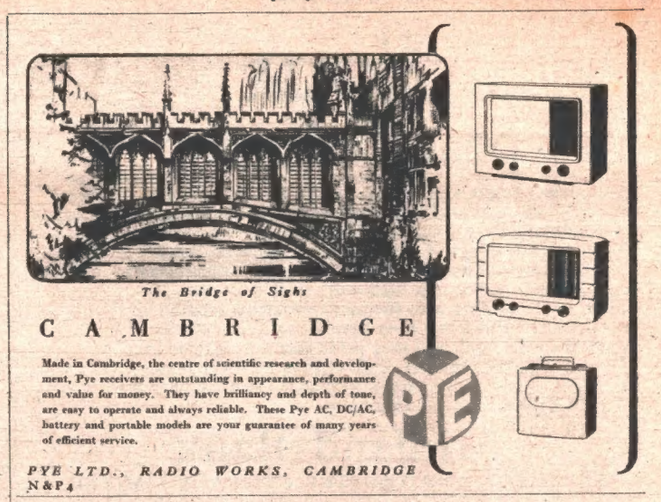
WHY IS THE catering industry infamous for its low wages and bad conditions? Largely because of the silly tipping system.

That is why George Isaacs, Minister of Labour, must take very seriously the report of the Commission which has been studying wage problems in unlicensed cafes. "Tipping," says the Commission, "should cease to be relied on as an essential part of a worker's living wage."

What an understatement! Yet what a scandal that such a statement needs to be made in an official report in 1947!

Wages now fixed in the light of these findings are better than ever before, but far from generous. They are still not high enough to cut out the curse of tipping, which demoralizes both servants and customers.

We don't tip the shop assistant when we make a purchase. It's all wrong that a cafe staff should have to hang around hopefully waiting to find sixpences and shillings under the plates.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Unequalled for cleaning not only silver and plate, but also gold and jewellery. Simple to use — no hard work, and it's non-abrasive.
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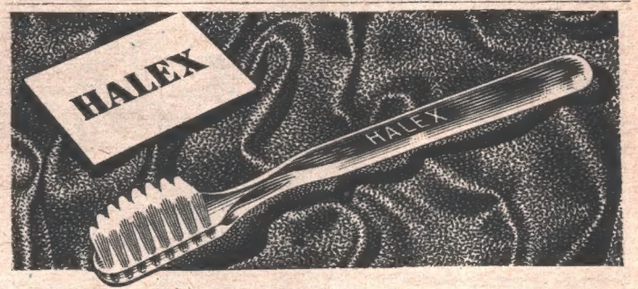

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HALEX *for a nice clean mouth*

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Pepsodent Toothpowder contains IRIUM

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Are you worried about your hair? Is it dull-looking, dry? Difficult to set? If so, you have Dry Scalp. Read below how to end this trouble. You will be thrilled with the result! **1.** Massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. This ends Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. **2.** Shampoo (use 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo if you can get one). Rinse well. **3.** When dressing hair, pat on 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to give gleaming highlights, but use sparingly as it is in short supply.

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Mock Cream —

PASTE THIS IN YOUR RECIPE BOOK.

3 Teaspoons Banner's Barley Flour
½ Pint Milk
1½ ozs. Margarine 2 Teaspoons Sugar Vanilla essence

Blend barley flour with milk. Bring to boil, stirring well and cook for a minute or two. Cool, stirring occasionally to prevent a skin forming. Beat together the margarine and sugar until creamy. When the barley mixture has quite cooled, beat a little at a time into the creamed fat and sugar. Flavour with vanilla essence and use as required.

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Ah! BISTO

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Gordon Beckles sets off on the Holiday Trail

THE FAT LADY —AND ALL THAT

Gordon Beckles is on the trail of the men and women who make your holiday. For, he says, it's the people working behind the scenes who get things going

Pinner Fair, Middlesex. . . . Specially painted for John Bull by Edward Osmond

"GO WHERE YOU LIKE" was what the Editor of JOHN BULL had said when we were talking about this holiday business. So, for a start, I thought I'd go to a fair. The fair was at a seaside town.

Rain threatened and there was a shiver in the air as I escaped from the grey streets and wind-swept promenade to the fairground. They were already lighting flares.

The first man I met wore a pink shirt and a lavender tie.

"I was working the tobers up at Newcastle last month," he said. "We reckoned a hundred thousand in one day, not counting the chavies. Mind *you*, that's the biggest moncree of all. . . ."

I let all that pass for the moment and went farther in.

A great ring of what looked like disembodied dolphins, all crimson and gold, floated around some half-lit purple mystery in the centre. On the opposite side a giant wheel spun like a top, while the screaming that came from it seemed fit for a rape of the Sabine women (as apparently pictured above in lovely colours), but when the wheel stopped only two very small and breathless school-girls got off.

All the fun of the fair!

"And don't go calling it a fun-fair," said the man with the pink shirt and lavender tie. "Just call it a fair. Only didicoys say 'fun-fair.'"

And then, while the fair slowly warmed for the evening's fun, the man in the pink shirt and lavender tie, occasionally relieved by one of his six brothers—all fair folk seem to have at least six—began to tell me something of the life of the show-men who cock a snook at most of today, at Govern-ment frownings, at basic English, at the glamour of Hollywood, the marvels of television, and go on leading their ancient lives.

They Must Be on the Move

The real showmen, it appears, look down on what they call "amusement arcades," permanent "fun-fairs," and such like. The essence of the real show-man's craft is to be here today and gone tomorrow. He must travel about, from fair to fair—and there are some two hundred and fifty fairs in Britain today, ranging from the one held on the Town Moor's forty-six acres in Newcastle in June, down to the one which comes to Farmer Giles's meadow in Muddlecombe-sur-Mud every May. There is the great Goose Fair in Nottingham every October, St. Giles's Fair in Oxford in September, the Mitcham Fair, the Kettering Feast—a list of fairs that is a calendar in itself.

Sometimes the showmen find themselves in a semi-permanency under cover; but that's not the *real* fair, as the man in the pink shirt explained. Every-one, now and then, has to get a good hedge to touch his greens, he added more explicitly. These fairs are the very backbone of England at play; they are held either by Letters Patent, by Statute, by Charter or by Ancient Custom. The five thousand "Master Showmen" are as proud of their position as any Lord Mayor of London.

"Besides," as the man in the pink shirt said, "What's a Lord Mayor but a grafter who has taken a burster and goes riding on his razzle-dazzle."

By this time the fair was beginning to liven up, and I started to have a look at more of it. My guide now must have been a "Master Showman," for he not only wore a white shirt and a hard white collar, but I had the feeling that somewhere, behind the "Knock 'Em Silly, Toots!" stall from which he emerged, he probably had a bowler hat.

"The interesting thing about the show business," he said, "is that we don't suffer from entertainment tax. You see, we're not visual entertainment."

And he pointed to a merry-go-round painted in all the visual colours of the rainbow and several others besides, the paintings above depicting what appeared to be some lively goings on in a Turkish harem.

"But take the fat lady," he said. "Very nice woman. She's visual. She is taxed. Tch!"

He went on: "Take the rides. . . ." (The "rides" are what we didicoys know as scenic rail-ways, bumper cars, speedways, whips and the general run of sick-making apparatus.)

"The ones that look dangerous, well, they aren't," he said. "Centrifugal force stops people falling out. Just the same, as a father of five, I am always surprised at the risks mothers take with young kids. Look at that fat one on the ride over there, with a nipper only about a year old. Tch!

"The funny thing is that the rides that don't look dangerous—well, *are*! Any ride where you have to drive yourself, to look after yourself—depend on it, you'll have accidents, whether it's a kid knocking his head against something or more likely father trying to hold the nipper in his lap with one hand and steer with another."

"Once I Won a Gold Watch . . ."

By this time we had walked out of the region of the rides into the realm of the games—darts (four different kinds), roll-it, wheel-'em, and those round booths offering variations of houp-la. I said proudly to the "Master Showman" that before the war I had, at Bicester, once won a gold watch for doing something clever with a wooden ring.

"Yes," he said casually, "I know those gold watches. They had better swag before the war. I paid 16s. a dozen for those watches up to 1939."

"Swag, eh?" I said. And he introduced me to the world of swag, which are the prizes that you win for doing something or other—"*What about a*

A letter to John Bull

John Bull's articles on Leisure prompt a reader to suggest: Get a new slant on life by looking up your old friends

"QUITE A STRANGER..."

DEAR SIR—There is a pavement artist at one of London's busiest corners who writes down this message each morning for the passers-by:

Today is the Tomorrow you were worrying about yesterday. . . . Turned out nice again, hasn't it!"

The war cut a mighty slice out of things, and the fight for peace and a way of life is a whole lot tougher than many of us thought. . . .

My advice, before we go any further, is to recall that chirpy message on a slab of London pavement and to accept the challenge in it. Accepting it will mean that you'll come out of that hole in the ground your worries have dug for you—you'll be out on top in the sun and the wind. And one good step in your recovery will be rediscovering an appetite for your old friends.

Here, oddly enough, is one fascinating way of solving that problem of our leisure hours, of which your contributor, Henry Firth, writes.

Recently a colleague and I were discussing a mutual friend of the old days. "I hear he's working just over the way," said my colleague, and on the spur of the moment I suggested calling on him. There we were, then—two friends walking into the office of a man neither of us had seen for eight years. We lied vociferously as we all shook hands. "Haven't changed a bit, old boy!" we roared as our eyes took in the marks of the years.

From that meeting we have started our weekly lunch date again. A glass of beer has perhaps taken the place of the whisky and we prefer for our own reasons, tacitly accepted, to lunch at a smaller place. But we've won back a well-being in the routine of our daily lives which is giving each one of us a little bit more to live for.

That single instance taught me something. There and then I made a little list in my diary of the men and women I've broken contact with. (Try making a list for yourself!)

One Married

Joe Southern was one of the first names I earmarked. The last address I had for him was in Paddington where he had had very comfortable digs. When I called, the housekeeper re-directed me to the outer suburbs; he'd been gone some six months, she said. An hour later, as I walked up the path to a modest red-brick villa in Croydon, I had one guess—Joe had married. He had.

"See what a mixed battery brought *me*," said Joe, who had been a gunner, as he introduced me to a rosy-cheeked blonde. We sat down and I thought what a lucky fellow Joe was; until, as the conversation went on, I detected a strangeness in Joe. It's true that I always associated him with the "young blood" phase of my life, and that we had now grown up. But you don't expect one of the best backs in first-class amateur soccer suddenly to change the subject when you mention it.

And when Joe patted his bride comfortably and said: "Marriage, old boy, is a full-time occupation," I didn't go as far as suggesting an occasional drink and chat in town. But as Joe was out getting my coat, I was left with his wife for a moment. She was looking at me in a very straight way.

"Do one thing for me," she made me promise. "I think there's been too much of a sudden change in Joe's life. When he rings you or writes—and he will!—be sure to see him, so that he can pick up the old days a bit. I am very thankful that he's so wrapped up in his home and me, but I don't think it's altogether good for both of us. He'll want his other interests back one day, and when that day comes I don't want to be a spoiled old married woman. So—ssh!—not a word!"

Joe and I have been meeting quite a lot lately and I've got the feeling that my notebook entry is going to be one small factor in making that marriage run smoothly.

Two Were Bombed Out

I have now paid a visit to a provincial city that also figures on the little list in my diary. There an old couple, Tod and Martha, were very good to me during the war. I was billeted with them. Later, when I went overseas, they sent parcels.

It mattered little that Martha had laboriously knitted Balaclava helmets and ear-muffs and packed beef-tea cubes when I was sweating it out in the tropics. To me, their parcels were an affectionate reminder that someone at home was at least remembering.

And then I lost touch. Going to their city on business gave me the opportunity to track Tod and Martha down; so, having unpacked at the hotel, I went out to find them.

In the street where they had lived I found two rows of neat prefabs. I went first to No. 28 because it was on the site of their former home. I turned as the door opened—and there, standing blinking on his doormat, was Tod!

"Gawd alive, Martha!" he yelled, taking the pipe from his mouth but not his eyes from mine. "Come look who's here!"

Tea was brewed. Then came a "high" supper, with most of Tod's ration of dinner ale. Their answer to my protests was to prepare a bed in the spare room where Martha's faded texts, sacrosanct against Hitler's bombs, hung on new cream walls. In fact, it was midnight before Tod finally got sat down, blew down his pipe, quizzed me over his specs, and fired his inevitable broadside: "Well, what d'ye make of this 'ere Government, eh?"

In a few weeks' time the two of them are coming to visit me in London and I will show them all the sights they haven't seen in so many years. Theirs is a friendship my laziness nearly lost me. I had lost touch and was in fear of letting it slide. Catching up with friendships, I find, brings its own reward. Rarely, if ever, could it bring a reproach.

The little list in my diary has already brought me an unusual happiness.

Good luck to your readers, too, if they take this advice; if they go out and find their friends again. The world has been a poorer place without them, and in meeting our friends once more we are going to help them—and ourselves—to get a little bit extra out of life.

It HAS turned out nice again, hasn't it!"—ROBERT FRINTON, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W.7.

Continued from previous page

lovely Paris doll for the lady or a packet of ten cigarettes for the gent!" It's a wonderful world, and even in 1947 one that seems to have no relation to the rather drab existence which most of us know outside these enchanted fairgrounds.

The "Master Showman" left me to my own devices, and I went to see the Fat Lady and her midget friends, but the barker (or spieler) was being hailed as a Giant, and (as I am something between six and seven feet tall), it seemed only decent to move on and let him be a Giant without rivals.

Within a few yards of a merry-go-round's ear-splitting version of the "Blue Danube," a man in a blue check shirt was reading a paper.

"Danny will tell you the language," said the man in the pink shirt.

It was the current issue of a paper called *The World's Fair*. The writer was explaining a joke: "This Harry was working the glass-cutter and got all his dem kit packed up and went along to Gorton Tank to get the dinner hour in and he was—as usual—dead peppermint. He excelled himself when he got to work, picking up an execution pitch and working it all out. When he came to the bat, he had practically every man in his hedge with his hand out waiting for the gear, and then found he'd forgotten his stock, and the only tool he had was the one he demmed with. . . ."

"What does it mean?" I asked Danny.

"Simple. A fellow was selling glasscutters and when he got to the end of his demonstration he had nothing to sell. He'd been along to the bank—Gorton Tank—because he was broke. There is a lot more of it that wouldn't interest you. . . ."

"Where does it all come from?"

"A mixture," said Danny. "A bit of Romany—'chavies' for 'kids'; a bit of Yiddish; a bit of rhyming slang; a bit of German; a bit of Hindustani. A grafter? He sells things. Tober? The ground you happen to be working on. Moncree? The district you're in, like parish. Didicoy? A sort of newcomer to the business. The hedge? Your audience. Taking a burster? Doing a good sell-out."

A Family Concern

The man in the pink shirt lit a cigar when I asked him whether labour was scarce.

"We're different," he said. "Different. There is Danny here, Joe, Bill, Dick and Art. See that booth over there? That's right—well, there's eight in that family, all partners. You can't pin us down to how much a week or how many hours. Why, even in the big rides run by the bigger firms, it's difficult. That dodgem over there. I suppose those boys get about a quid a day. I know the 'charge hand' gets about £12 a week. Mind, it's a fifty- or sixty-hour week. And we work weekends. And when the winter comes we all start painting and repairing. We all have two or three jobs."

The rain was coming down now. "We like good weather. It makes people more cheerful," said the man in the pink shirt. "Another thing. Don't go running away with any idea that people object to paying something for almost nothing. People *like* to spend money, to waste money, at fairs. Why, a fair gives you a feeling of being a spendthrift for about five bob if you lay your money out properly."

There was a horrible ride in the very centre of the fair that took its victims, packed them into cars, started them revolving, covered them over with canvas as it spun round, then discharged them at the end so pale-faced and weak-kneed that they scarcely had strength to join the queue for another go.

"You! You! You! And you!" cried the barker of this torturing piece of fun. "You! You! And you!"

"*You* shut up, Charlie," said the man in the pink shirt and lavender tie. "Or I'll cop you one."

All the fun of the fair!

And there's even more fun, more novelty, even more surprises *behind* the scenes. A holiday is like a play—and I'm going backstage. I'll be telling you in JOHN BULL this month exactly what I find.

RAW LIFE IN THE SCARE ZONE

by ROLAND WILD

From Alaska, new scare zone of U.S.-Soviet friction, Wild sends this second dispatch. Easy-money operators flock there—and "the girls." It doesn't do to shout about morals

Refresher in turbulent Alaska. "If we don't put people into the North-West, somebody will"

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.

THIS BEING THE LAND of superlatives, Richard E. Havenstrite, of California, who owns a mountain of jade and twenty-five million dollars, travels up here in his private plane with a large shooting party.

This being the land of the fabulous, Joe Pizotto, the barman, shovels me a handful of silver dollars in change and declares that it is the hardest-drinking country in the world.

And this being the land of tolerance, it took only a week after the citation of Alaska as the world's next big battleground for the character in cabin thirty-eight of this little coastal steamer to enter into indelicate negotiations with four more girls in Las Vegas and to ship them up here first class as successors to the legendary dance-hall queens of the North-West.

Havenstrite the millionaire, gave me a grin in one of the three royal suites, where the King stayed in Vancouver, and told me Russia had more oil than the rest of the world put together, but that he, Havenstrite, knew how to get it out of the ground, into the pipes and into the tankers.

"Don't kid yourself," he said. "That's what wins wars. And Alaska won't be any good to any nation without the know-how. I think I will sell my jade mountain and buy more oil in Alaska."

Joe, the barman, was right, because the figures show the Alaskan drinker averages three gallons a year, whereas the best the other Americans can do is 1.17 gallons as against .93 of a gallon for the temperate Briton. In order to achieve this feat the Alaskan tucks in an extra drinking session dedicated to the Eye-Opener, a ceremony I have personally attended in the Northern Lights Bar in Haines, a few hundred miles north of here. Even the Russians, when they were in these parts, blinked a little at the fine bravado of rye and bourbon taken neat at nine in the morning.

Two Men to Every Woman

As to the gentleman in cabin thirty-eight: he is banking on a fairly sure thing in his investment in the four brunette beauties, for even Dr. Ernest Gruening, Governor of Alaska, and a booster for the country's inclusion as the forty-ninth star in the Stars and Stripes—even the Governor allows that there are two and a quarter men to every woman, and it won't do to shout too loudly about morals.

He didn't even protest when a U.S. magazine reported in the last sixty-below-zero winter that the gals of Fairbanks had changed their method of attracting the attention of boulevardiers on the wooden pavements of that city. They scratched the windows instead of tapping; they wanted to remove the rime of frost from inside the panes.

The facts of human behaviour are that Alaska attracts the lusty and open-minded character, good and bad, in as generous a proportion as ever. My companion at table up the green, drenched "Inside Passage" of the British Columbian Coast has been Milo Ferrentes, an engaging international citizen who is no better than he ought to be and who was therefore inevitably drawn northwards.

But he is disappointed. He is going back. "Lookit," he said, "I don't see any quick money up here. There are too many people in on the ground floor, which is remarkably oily. I think I will go back to my steady job."

Driven by a reasonable curiosity as to Milo's understanding of a steady job, I asked for the details. "I am a part-time major in the Army of Nicaragua," he said. "The contractors want to build bridges, and I inspect them. It practically doubles the price to the Government."

Mere Shadows of Diamond Lil

The girls are only pale shadows compared with the magnificence of the old-timers like Diamond Lil, who conceived the puckish fad of wearing a neat but flawless diamond in a front tooth, giving a strange radiance to her smile. The best-known dance-hall girl of my acquaintance is Klondike Kate, now a dignified and elderly widow living in Oregon. Her last journey to the North was to bury her husband, an old miner and trapper who died up in these limitless forests after a lifetime of devotion to his once-famous wife.

Kate is the last of the *grandes dames* of the gold rush. She was above such notoriety-seeking escapades as the famous auction sale in Dawson City, in the Yukon, when a lady weighed herself against gold dust and married the highest bidder. And Klondike Mike, my informant about the high old days of wealth in Alaska, has nothing but admiration for her dignity.

They have a saying up here: "Send a girl to Alaska and she will be a wife in a week."

With the Air Age here, and New York only seventeen hours away for a mere £150, the statement is obviously slightly exaggerated, but the desperate Department of Education does quote the case of a schoolteacher who arrived on a Tuesday, took a job Wednesday, got engaged Thursday, quit the job Friday and got married Saturday. It's still a boom time for the ladies, and if you don't mind the smell of fish in one of these clapboard coastal towns, or winters in the interior where the sun comes out for an hour a day through the black fog, then Alaska is undoubtedly your territory.

The material living conditions and social customs at present in vogue in Alaska have a very real interest for the military strategists because they say they cannot defend an empty territory.

General Worthington, Canada's Western Command chief, who keeps in close liaison with the Americans on the Yukon-Alaska border, said to me: "If we don't put people into the North-West, someone else will."

Therefore he called up the Canadian Pacific Coast Home Guard again, promised them ammunition and their own officers, and wants to run a loosely disciplined army of observers under his own command. The Americans will no doubt co-operate, but have so far put their money on aircraft of the super-bomber type, for which the new world's-record airstrips are being prepared.

In Exercise Muskox, staged by the Canadian Army, they tried out new vehicles and clothing, and the embarrassment of all high military officials when questioned about equipment leaves the conviction that newer stuff is on the way.

The Canadians want to have real men of the north among their little army of 25,000. So the soldiers up here are behaving in a most unmilitary manner according to Sandhurst standards, for General Worthington turns them loose with a gun, a fishing rod and a trapper's outfit and tells them to come back in six months. And if they don't know how to skin a bear before they start, the general takes off his shirt in the bush and proceeds to show them how with his own knife.

If An Enemy Got a Foothold—

Here is the world's greatest store of uranium. Here is the world's greatest store of gold. Up in the North there is oil, pitchblende and mystery.

It has everything but people, and if an enemy could scratch a foothold he could start a stream of self-directed missiles into the munition-producing centres of Canada and the U.S.

It is small wonder that maps are being printed to show just where Alaska lies; it is not surprising that in Ottawa and Washington the strategic chiefs are brushing up their Eskimo.

And, human nature being what it is, there shouldn't be a lifted eyebrow at the broad mindedness of some of the visitors who are looking northwards today, echoing the old phrase: "He who holds Alaska holds the world." But they aren't exactly thinking in a global way.

Private View of Billy Butlin

HE LIKES JOINING IN

SO MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about W. E. Butlin in the last ten years that today the legend is nearly as elaborate as any woven round names like Ford, Nuffield, Vanderbilt or Rockefeller.

Billy Butlin was born in Capetown in 1900. One parent was the son of a Gloucester vicar; the other was a showman's daughter. In 1909 the family returned to England and Billy went to school in Bristol. After three years they migrated to Canada.

In 1916 he was fighting in France, the youngest Canadian soldier at the front. He served twenty months. Demobbed in 1918, he joined Eatons, a mammoth Toronto store, at £5 15s. a week, attended an art school four nights a week and lived with his pretty mother, then under forty. They were happy, pegging along, but Billy was restless. A year passed, then another. Half-way through the third, he threw up his job and worked his passage back to England in a cattle boat, seasick all the way. The skipper paid him £5.

Acting on the advice of an uncle in Bristol, Butlin invested all he had on a hoopla stall. In hoopla the "flattie" is invited to throw rings over blocks of wood. If the ring falls neatly over the block, the "flattie" gets a prize. Inexperienced, Butlin made his blocks too small and that accounted for his losing by the end of the day all the slabs of chocolate that he offered as prizes.

Comparing notes with his competitors, he discovered that, whereas they had taken an average of £4, he had taken £20. He evolved from this lesson his trading principle: "Small profits and quick returns."

The next move was to give the stall a coat of paint and buy himself a smart white overall, a garment that amused the other showmen until they discovered Billy Butlin was doing three times as much business.

Out of his profits Butlin bought another stall, then another. He hired employees and dressed them in overalls with a large B on the pocket. He prospered. In a few years he had made enough to warrant a visit from the income tax collector, who explained the principle of taxation. Billy didn't approve. He asked: "So if I make money, the Government gets a cut of that?"

"That's the idea," said the Government man.

"What if I don't make money?" Billy wanted to know. "Will the Government pay me for anything I lose?"

"No!" said the Government man.

"In that case," Billy decided, "I'm not going to join!"

Investing £2,000 in a Dodgem track at Skegness, he suddenly started coining big money. Dodgems were an American innovation for which there was an instant demand in England, and since Butlin had taken care to acquire sole British rights, he "cleaned up" on agent's fees by selling more than 1,000 with a profit of £25 on each.

Previously, in the midsummer of 1922 to be exact, Billy Butlin had gone on a seaside holiday. It was a wet week and he had had a miserable time. The boarding house was dirty, uncomfortable and expensive, and the landlady had insisted on his going out every morning when she did the "cleaning," rain or no rain.

Back at work, he asked himself: How many others had saved for a holiday, to get in return a week of frustration? So Butlin began a study of the situation and his conclusions were that the holiday resorts of Britain were barely adequate for the ordinary needs of the population.

During peak periods, he had seen confusion, squalor and overcrowding, with people sleeping on the sands, in railway stations, on hotel steps. It meant disappointment and weariness, particularly for women and children.

Planning to cater for these millions, Butlin dreamed his castles on the sands very much as his holiday camps are today. Their success depended on an extravagant scale. He waited patiently for the money.

By 1930 his employees numbered 2,000, at amusement parks dotted round the coast, with large concessions in the city fairs all over England and Scotland. They all bore the stamp of his bright ideas and were showing big profits. He was spending £15,000 a year in prizes, but the rate of his progress is best measured from these facts: In 1922, he paid £150 for an eighteen-foot space at Olympia; in 1937, £8,000 for a thousand-foot space; and in 1938 he bought the whole concession at the British Empire Exhibition in Glasgow for £100,000 and showed a profit.

In the winter of 1935, Butlin acquired a stretch of 100 acres outside Skegness. With £50,000 of his own, together with the same amount borrowed, he constructed a holiday township for 2,000 people and furnished it on hire purchase. He spent £600 on a page advertisement in a national daily, and took up a lot of space in provincial newspapers.

THE response was immediate. The camp was filled that summer and Butlin ran the entire business himself, learning all the answers. Year by year it was enlarged until, today, during the season, the population numbers 5,000. Other camps built out of the profits, and now derequisitioned after war service, are flourishing at Filey, Ayr, Clacton and Pwllheli.

Early in 1936, Butlins, Limited, was formed. Billy invested all he had. The company expanded and subsidiary companies fell away like lunar satellites, continuing to revolve within their own orbits in the general scheme of the Butlin universe.

Valued now at £8,000,000, the organization includes the Web Hotels, Web Decorators and Web Wholesale Shops (WEB are Billy's initials), Butlin Construction Coy., Butlin Properties, Butlin Photographic (which last year took three-quarters of a million photographs of campers), and Sussex Amusements, controlling all the amusement parks.

By far the greatest single shareholder of this edifice, Butlin has a personal fortune in negotiable assets which he estimates is around £3,500,000. A million of this, in holiday camp shares, he has just settled on his three children. (The shilling shares now stand at 20s.) All in, his income last year represented about £110,000 on paper, but taxation swallowed most of it.

Since every major policy decision is made by Billy himself, the organization might appear overcentralized. It is not. Butlin's powers are elaborately delegated and he stays on the move. Decisions are simple and emphatic. He described the process: "In the office I either say 'Yes' or I say 'No'—*nicely*. I use as little paper as possible."

Flying from camp to camp, most days of the week, Billy leads the life of the perennial camper. He sleeps in a chalet, eats with the crowds, has a swim, plays ping pong, sits through a concert, goes through the routine of a hokey cokey on the dance floor, and sings the swan song, "Goodnight Campers," with a thousand other voices.

A man's man, he is awkward and shy when alone in the company of women, unless the women happen to be campers; then he's solicitous and deferential. With men he likes a joke, a drink and a yarn. He laughs a lot.

His sense of humour? Well, this is a joke he enjoyed immensely: convalescing after the big fight, the Woodcocks were invited to Filey for a free holiday. They came and kept very much to themselves. The Baksis arrived a few days later. Butlin greeted them, asked if they would like to see Bruce. Joe said yes. A message was sent asking if Mr. Woodcock would like to meet Mr. Baksi.

Recounting the story, Billy guffawed at this point, and continued: "Back came the reply: 'Bruce Woodcock says he's already met Mr. Baksi!'"

OUTSIDE of the business, Butlin's interests are: passionately, gardens, flowers, trees; aesthetically, a sale at Christie's; paternally, his family and home.

He has acquired something like 150 old masters, including paintings by Rembrandt, Romney, Van Dyck, now on exhibition at the Skegness camp. His Hampstead mansion is one of the largest estates in the London area, surrounded by lawns and an extensive garden. There's a tennis court. Farther back is a landscape garden with terraced flower plots, willow trees, a stream, a Japanese bridge. Beyond the perimeter of the estate is a golf course (in which Butlin has shares) sloping into the valley, and farther off, like a stage back-cloth, is a vista of London Town, in a haze, and church steeples piercing the haze.

Within the home is luxury and magnificence. Some rooms are furnished like a Medici palace, other rooms in the Queen Anne style. There is a library of first editions. Crystal candelabra make music out of the summer breeze in a wide, wainscotted hall.

In this opulent setting Billy Butlin is modestly proud, dignified and generous, but frankly he's uncomfortable, as a farmer dressed for dinner in white tie and tails would be. He loves his home—the reward of his success—and it stands for all he desires. But on the flimsiest excuse he's away again, to sleep in another chalet and wake to the pleasant banter of Radio Butlin.

Propped up in bed, he'll read the papers. Sipping a cup of tea, he might pause, frowning at the plastic curtain, then smile the frown away. At the peak of attainment, he still dreams—now of an empire across the sea. If you want a holiday in Holland next year, maybe Billy will fix it for you.

DENNIS HOLMAN

They all crowded round, pulling at his head and whistling. It sounded like the parrot house at the Zoo

A little fresh hair

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Dennis was a nice boy, but he was as bald as a coot, and that made him shy. So when he woke up one day to find a healthy growth of hair on his head, it . . . well, it did things to him

IT'S A FUNNY THING it had to go and happen to a fellow like Dennis Waite, for anyone less likely to go looking for trouble you couldn't imagine. There isn't much happens down our way at Chipping Worsley, but what does happen makes up.

You see, Sam Harnett came into the bar parlour at "The Barley Mow" that evening, and he was complaining about—might as well be frank—his chilblains. What he did was to pull a bottle out of his pocket and set it on the shelf behind the settle, and Miss Loveday, who was drawing half of bitter for old Joe Sambourne, asked Sam if he'd taken to bringing in his own liquor.

"You ask the postmistress," Sam growled. "Her old mother used to suffer like I do. She found this old bottle lying round and she gave it to me to try on my feet. So, by your leave, I'll take a pint of mild ale, and thank you kindly."

"I hope it brings relief," Miss Loveday told him.

"Her mother used to swear by it," Sam mentioned, and he turned to nod at Dennis Waite who was sitting there beside him.

That's how Dennis came into it. He just happened to be sitting there.

All that boy was doing was smiling round, friendly to one and all, for that's the way he was. He was born shy, and being noticed and spoken to worried him, so what he did was to smile first, and nine times out of ten you'd smile back and there'd be no need to talk. And that suited Dennis.

He was sociable enough, but he didn't like having to talk to folks.

Well, the gist of the matter that evening was that after a while Dennis looked a bit worried and rubbed the top of his head. Of course, if it came to rubbing the top of his head, Dennis could get right down to it, for he started losing his hair soon after he left school, and by the time he was twenty—which was when this began to happen to him—he was bald as a coot. But he was a nice-looking young chap all the same.

Well, when he looked at his fingers he began to blush and we all saw what had happened. The bottle of chilblain cure Sam had set on the shelf had dripped on him and after he'd mopped off his bald head it left a red patch. Good powerful stuff, Sam claimed it was. Of course Dennis only grinned.

It was the next night Miss Loveday noticed something queer. "Some of that stuff stuck to the top of your head," she told Dennis. "Let me have a look."

Sure enough, there it was for anyone to see. Only it wasn't the stuff that had stuck but a patch of dark stuff—like the map of Ireland—growing in the middle of his bald head.

I should think everyone in the bar pulled Dennis's head down half a dozen times each, arguing, before Miss Loveday made them stop. She had a soft spot for Dennis.

"What did the postmistress tell you was in that stuff, Sam Harnett?" she asked.

"The old lady used to make it up herself, like her grandma showed her, but of stuff growing in the hedgerows and toadstools and such," Sam recorded. "Family recipe."

"Who's got the recipe now?" Joe Porson, the landlord, asked him, thoughtful-like.

"No one's got it," Sam said, "because the postmistress don't remember how it's made, although her mother *did* tell her."

"That's a pity," Miss Loveday claimed.

"I should be careful how you use it on your chilblain," the landlord decided.

"You bet I will! I don't want hair all over my feet."

"Of course," the landlord said. "Dennis, here, can be said to have lost his hair premature. No young chap should be bald-headed at twenty. It ain't natural."

"Never mind what's natural," Miss Loveday put in. "Leave him alone. And as for you, Sam Harnett, I'll trouble you to keep your family remedies out of my bar in future!"

Naturally enough, Dennis took himself off as soon as the last one had had a good look at the spot. He liked being with folks and listening to talk, for he lived

in lodgings by himself and was kind of lonesome like most shy folks. But he didn't care much about having his head pulled down and breathed over.

He was worried—about Connie Mason at the library chiefly.

She was an intelligent-looking girl, with dark hair curling down on her shoulders and eyes with a flash to them. Dennis had been thinking about her for years.

She would smile at him when she saw him in the street, or when he was changing his library book. It wasn't so bad as long as Dennis had his hat on. But when he grinned back at her and raised his hat—well, it hardly seemed decent. All that bald head in her face.

Dennis rubbed his head that night for half an hour before he got into bed. His idea was to rub off the fluff, but next morning when he got to the glass he knew the rubbing had only stimulated it—for the map of Ireland now was a thick tuft of reddish hair, a couple of inches long.

He decided he'd have to shave his hair. He shaved it close, with the grain and against the grain.

About eleven that morning, while at his desk in the estate office, he felt a bristle on his head, and when he went to the glass the map of Ireland was back, nearly a quarter of an inch high and thick as a tooth brush. So Dennis set off on his bike to see the doctor.

DOCTOR PINSON took the boy's head under his arm and examined it with a powerful magnifying glass. "Something has stimulated growth in an extraordinary way," he decided. "Of course, a young man like you shouldn't be bald in the first place. Perhaps some condition has temporarily prevented the hair from growing hitherto. I think I should try the stuff over the whole head, my boy."

When it became known that Dennis was looking for Sam Harnett and the rest of that bottle almost everyone in Chipping Worsley was ready with advice.

"Stick your head inside the skin of a rabbit." Bert Legge recommended, "and leave the skin against your scalp until that rabbit skin's dry enough to crackle. Nothing like it for producing hair. My dad lived to be ninety-three and to the end he had hair you could lose a comb in."

There was one person Dennis dreaded meeting. He could picture himself raising his hat to Connie—and her face when she saw the tuft. So he cornered Sam Harnett in the stables up at the Manor House.

Dennis wasted no time on ceremony. He tipped the bottle up and poured a generous go of the stuff in the palm of his hand and massaged it well in, all over his head, then crammed on his hat and slunk back to his lodgings. He didn't go out that evening. For one thing his head stung so he could have screamed.

Next morning the tingle had gone and in the glass he saw his tuft still there. But now it was rising like Table Mountain out of a dense sea of ginger fluff. Hair was coming up all over his head, thick and healthy.

A queer feeling inside him began to take shape.

By noon that day his hair had grown enough to make him look like a cross between Uriah Heep and a convict—to other people, of course. To Dennis the chap in the glass looked like a strapping young fellow with a thick head of hair. And the more he stared at himself the stronger this feeling he had began to grow.

He got down to the library just before it closed, and his heart gave a jump when Connie Mason came over to him at the counter. "Connie!" he said, with his Adam's apple jerking, "I've never had the nerve to ask you before . . . because—what I mean is—are you doing anything tonight? If not, I'd like to take you out somewhere. Just us two, Connie."

She was staring at him, surprised. "Why, gracious, Dennis! I've known you ten years and you suddenly decide you want to take me out!"

"I've always wanted to take you out. Only this is the first time I've asked you."

"I've got a date for tonight, Dennis. I'm sorry. Some other night?"

"Tonight was important. I've got something I want you to see." He hesitated with his hand on the brim of his hat, but he let his secret lie.

"Well, I'm sorry, Dennis."

When he got round to "The Barley Mow," talk stopped and you could have heard a pin drop until he took his hat off. Then it sounded like the parrot house at the Zoo. They all crowded round, pulling at his head and whistling. Then someone heard somebody say, sharp-like: "How would you like me to slap your ears back, Ted Sparrow?"

And it was Dennis who said it.

"Next fellow," he added, looking round, "who snatches at my head'll get one. Now push off! Go on! Hasn't anybody got anything to do in this bar?"

Miss Loveday was staring at him, wide-eyed. Dennis ordered himself a pint of old ale, and she could see as he drank it at the bar that the hair was thick and wavy, copper coloured at that. "It'll take a parting," she said.

The boy was so touchy that evening he'd snap your head off for nothing—Dennis, mind you!

Now it would be about ten o'clock that night that Connie Mason was walking home across the fields with a young chap she'd been to the pictures with. Whatever it was came over Dennis must have come over him by then, for he suddenly came up behind those two and, without a word, knocked the young chap down. There was a bit of a scrap, naturally, but there was no holding Dennis that night.

And, when it was all over and the other chap had gone off, there was the girl, standing there, gaping at Dennis's hair in the moonlight. . . .

What he said to her that night, no one knows, but when they reached her lodgings it was midnight and she was still staring up at him starry-eyed. He had to push her gently inside the house and shut the door.

From then on—for three days—Dennis was a changed man.

The first sign of trouble was when he found a haircut wouldn't last him more than one day. Of course, no one scarcely dared to speak to him in the village. He looked as if he'd knock anyone down for tuppence. And the girl was always with him, every minute she could spare.

But the fact remained; Dennis had to have his hair cut every morning before he started work. The stuff had got properly into his bloodstream, and of course it also stimulated his whiskers. He found he couldn't keep up with his beard either. Round about six o'clock you'd think you were talking to a wild man.

The faster his hair grew the more that girl worshipped him—but in the end the growth began to worry Dennis. He was having two shaves and two haircuts a day. He went to see the doctor again, but the doctor couldn't help him. "I couldn't stop it," he told Dennis, "any more than I could have started it. Your hair glands have had a jolt and they're working overtime."

In less than another week Dennis had to give up the idea of trying to shave. He just let the hair grow—and what a sight it was! Flaming red and thick as a doormat!

WHAT happened in the end must have been a bit of a shock even to Connie—the night she was passing through the churchyard, I mean.

A voice among the tombstones almost made her jump out of her skin. "Connie," it said.

"Dennis! You gave me such a fright!" She couldn't see anyone there, only hear the voice.

"D'you—love me, Connie?"

"Of course I do, Dennis. What's wrong?"

"Love me never mind what?"

"I love you for ever, Dennis. Where are you?"

He stepped out into the moonlight and took off his hat. It came off easy, like sliding off soap. He was bald as a coot.

"Dennis!" she said. "It all grew out of your system and now there isn't any more.

He swallowed. "I had a l-look in the glass and I could hardly believe it was me. . . ."

"You look fine," she told him quickly. "Who wants a lot of hair, anyway?"

He looked at her for a moment. "I was feeling a bit nervous about meeting folks," he said. "But I'm all right now."

"Of course you're all right!" she told him sharply. "And you're always going to be."

And the funny thing is, he always has been. He never went back to being shy and put upon; in fact, to this day there's few round this way who would care to start an argument with Dennis.

As for that girl . . . well, you know how it is with women! If he started to grow feathers tomorrow she'd still worship the ground he walked on.

A BIRTH HAS

HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D., attacks the prejudices that still centre round the bearing of TEST-TUBE BABIES

Bonny Madeleine Ann Cordaroy was born three years ago, thanks to artificial insemination

BEEN ARRANGED . . .

THERE ARE ALREADY MORE than ten thousand "test-tube" babies in the U.S.A. and several hundreds in this country. And now comes a book, with a foreword by the Bishop of London, containing a discussion of the problem by several doctors, a sociologist, a psychologist, a lawyer and representatives of the Catholic, Anglican and Nonconformist Churches.

But before examining the views of these important people, let us take a look at one of the babies who are causing all the argument. I was admiring one yesterday.

This particular baby girl belongs to the first, simple and uncomplicated group of artificial insemination cases, called A.I.H. (the H stands for Husband). The baby's parents, Bill and Peggy, were married in 1940. Soon after their son was born, Bill was badly wounded and taken prisoner. I saw him after he had been repatriated. His wounds had healed, but it was obvious that he could not father another child by normal means, although he could produce healthy male sperms.

They both came to see me six months later. I gave them precise instructions and a glass syringe—which does look like a test tube with a glass plunger. I told them how to collect fresh sperms in the syringe and inject them. The first attempt failed, as often happens, and so did the second. The third month everything worked perfectly—and it is a lovely baby.

I call this a "simple and uncomplicated" case because the baby girl has Bill for a father and Peggy for a mother, exactly like her noisy cherub of a brother.

Science Helps Out Nature

To produce a baby, a female egg-cell and a male sperm have to meet. All sorts of things may prevent this; for example, a displaced womb. If a doctor corrects the displacement by a simple manipulation, then a wife who has given up hope of having a child can have her baby. Where the wife is normal but the husband has some defect, so that his sperms are normal but cannot reach the egg-cell, artificial insemination gives the same sort of help. The man has a displacement or destruction of tissue. The glass syringe merely achieves mechanically what can no longer be brought about naturally.

There is no fuss or bother when we make a displaced womb do its normal work. There should be none about applying the same principle to unplaced sperms. There is, indeed, little objection to A.I.H. by the eminent people whose views are recorded in the new book—except for some criticism of the method by which the male semen is obtained.

But there is very great difference of opinion about the second group of artificial insemination cases—A.I.D., where the D stands for Donor. This method has been used widely in the U.S.A. but only to a limited extent in this country. I will tell you of one case.

Mr. and Mrs. X were not like Peggy and Bill. Mr. X was apparently healthy but he could not produce sperms that would live and fertilize an egg-cell. Mrs. X was perfectly fit and wanted a baby. They did not want to adopt a child. They preferred a child with half its qualities inherited from Mrs. X, even if the other half could not be those of her husband. This was no sudden impulse but a considered request from a mature and intelligent couple.

Here I had to use semen provided by a man who was not the husband of Mrs. X. It took five attempts at intervals of four weeks. Now this test-tube baby is nearly two. They both adore it and are a much happier couple than they were.

The donor whose baby this really is knows nothing of Mr. and Mrs. X. They know nothing about him. This secrecy is important. No woman can be oblivious to a man whose child she bears unless she knows nothing about him.

The need for secrecy dictates further rules in choosing a donor. He should not be a relative, a friend or even an acquaintance. He must be healthy and have a good family history. He should be over twenty-five and under forty, and of the same race, build, general character and intelligence as the sterile husband. He should have children of his own. This proves his fertility and ensures that his parental instincts will be normally satisfied. There is then no danger of his trying to seek out the test-tube baby which is really his.

At the special clinics where many of these cases are seen, as many as twenty women may be artificially inseminated with semen from one donor. Nature is prodigal with spermatozoa, only one of which is needed for fertilization. A specimen must be used within three hours, but theoretically the semen from one man could be used to produce 400 children a week, or about 20,000 a year.

And here I will mention another aspect of the problem of A.I.D. which has not yet been discussed to any extent in this country. There are well over two million women in Great Britain who can never have a husband. There are simply not enough men to go round. A well-known woman doctor said recently that she hated to think of anybody being the offspring of "a spinster and a syringe." I know a number of young spinsters who spend their time, a little sadly, looking after other people's children. I wonder what they think?

At the moment they do not enter into the discussion. A.I.D. is being used solely to create the children that some husbands, through no fault of their own, cannot give their wives. It has allowed many women the motherhood which otherwise they would be denied.

Approximately one-third of sterile marriages are due to the sterility of the husband. In such instances, artificial insemination has saved many marriages which might otherwise have broken up.

That is the argument in its favour. What are the arguments against it?

Some psychologists suggest that sooner or later the mother will develop a "sense of sin" and her husband a "sense of inferiority." This will make them grow apart, with disastrous results for the child and for their marriage. This is sheer speculation. With a couple who are not neurotic and who have considered the matter carefully, I do not think it would ever apply.

Condemned as Adultery

The religious objections are grouped under two main headings. The first is that the method of procuring the semen for A.I.H. or A.I.D. entails masturbation, and a bad means should not be used to secure even a good end. At present this is the only method that can be employed.

The second is that A.I.D. amounts to adultery. Representatives of all the Churches have condemned it to some degree on these grounds, and the Catholic Church is particularly firm in its opposition. Its spokesman considered that "no consent of husband and wife can remove the immorality" of what the Church regards as sinful. It is also contrary to "Natural Law" and must therefore be condemned. The reply of the doctors is that medicine, surgery and (a very close parallel) blood transfusion are similar practices which promote human happiness but are contrary to "Natural Law." They are not condemned because of that.

Sin very rarely leads to happiness; test-tube babies do—that is the argument of the doctors. And, because of the great increase in love and happiness which A.I.D. can bring, it seems possible that the majority of non-Catholic Churches may modify their attitude towards it in the years to come, as they have in recent years modified their attitude towards birth control.

What are the objections of the lawyers?

As the law stands at present, test-tube babies are illegitimate and A.I.D. is adultery. This ruling has already been made by a Canadian court in granting a divorce—the woman commits adultery because she is fertilized by the seed of a man other than her husband. The unknown donor equally commits adultery.

"Test-tube" baby Ann with her parents, Albert and Doris Cordaroy, who live at Dagenham, Essex

The Legitimacy Tangle

If the sterile husband is registered as the father of the child—which he is not—then he offends against the 1911 Perjury Act and is liable to seven years' penal servitude. If he is not registered as the father, the child will probably learn later that it is illegitimate. In any case, if it was registered as legitimate the child might inherit estates or titles which strictly belong to someone else.

The wife has no protection if her husband later changes his mind and disclaims the child. There is the danger that, because of the anonymity of the donor, two of his children by different mothers may meet, marry, and, in complete unawareness of their relationship, commit incest.

The law will have to provide safeguards against such situations if artificial insemination has come to stay—and I believe that it has.

The contribution which it can make to human happiness is enormous; and one which is scarcely likely to be abused. Both husband and wife must give their written consent; no doctor will help them until he is satisfied that they have fully and conscientiously considered the step they are taking. And it is unbelievable that any husband and wife would resort to A.I.D. if they could create babies in the normal way. The very fact that they will seek such a controversial means of fulfilling their desire for children indicates an above-average feeling for the responsibilities of parenthood.

Perhaps the key question is: What do Mr. and Mrs. X think? They brought Baby X to be admired—and inoculated—the other day. But this was not their real reason for coming to see me. . . .

I am now arranging for either a brother or sister for Baby X, to be delivered next spring.

evin: Atom Ma
Rule Out War
KEST BEVIN, Foreign Secretary, said
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ATOMIC BOMBS TO AID PEACE
USE OF ATOM IS STILL A RIDDLE
By H. R. S. Phillpott
Parliamentary Correspo
A TOMIC energy
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WHAT IT MEANS TO THE WORL
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SCRAP ATOM POWER PLANS—SCIENTISTS
By CHAPMAN PINCHER
TOP-RANK U.S. scientists
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PREMIER'S ATOM BOMB WARNING
DANGER NOT FULLY REALISED
AIM IS CONTROL, THEN PROHIBITION

TWO YEARS OF THE

Rumours, scares, hopes. That has been the Atom Story. Here CYRIL JAMES takes stock of what has been said and done in the two years since Hiroshima. The curtain lifts on the future to this extent: we'd do well to listen to the scientists rather than the politicians

OUT OF A CLEAR BLUE SKY at nine-fifteen on the morning of August 6, 1945, the first atom bomb ever dropped in anger fell from an American super Fortress on Hiroshima, a Japanese base on Honshu Island.

What was soon to become known in every club, pub, radio station and classroom as the Atomic Age had started.

Reverberations from that explosion still shake the world as we come to the second anniversary of atomic energy in uncontrolled action.

We are now beginning to see more clearly that this first bomb did more than annihilate 90,000 Japanese and devastate four square miles of Hiroshima. It struck squarely, and still strikes, at an old way of life, an old way of thinking.

Four overriding facts emerge from the mass of speculation, criticism, observation and sheer lunatic comment that has been based on the bomb:

1. While able to set loose this new energy, we are still a long, long way from knowing how to set it to work. The tiger is caged but not tamed.

2. The secret of atomic energy cannot very much longer remain the exclusive property of any one nation or group of allied scientists.

3. The United States of America, present possessors of the complete secret, realize they guard a power which may bring to an end many of their most cherished social, economic and political ways of life.

4. The discovery of atomic energy so far shows no signs of bringing the nations together for common enjoyment of the benefits its proper peaceful development can yield.

Fear, Fantasy, Flippancy

The world's first reactions to the bomb fell into distinct phases.

First, there was the triumphant conviction that the right side had found a weapon which would not only shorten the war but make future wars too terrible to start. Then there was the hysterical phase of terrified speculation, fantastic prophecy and flippant comment. There followed the sobering realization that although the atom pointed the way to a golden age the road ahead was a long one, indeed.

Finally came the growing fear among religious thinkers and philosophers that perhaps, after all, this is an invention which, because of human nature, is bound to be put to evil uses.

The first voice of doubt came from the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's official newspaper, which drew an historical parallel with a sixteenth-century U-boat invented by Leonardo da Vinci. When he realized that man might use the submarine for war, da Vinci destroyed the plans. Would the inventors of the atom bomb follow suit? The *Osservatore Romano* rather thought not. ". . . This destructive weapon remains as a temptation for posterity which, we know by bitter experience, learns so little from history."

The Vatican journalists need not have feared that their lay brethren were going to let the atom bomb pass as a titbit of war news. A chorus of foreboding steadily arose.

True, in the first exciting days one British newspaper went the whole hog, scrapped the Christian calender, and started dating pages "Atom Age—the Third Day . . . Fourth Day . . . Fifth Day"—and so on—until even the man who thought up the idea got tired of it round about Atom Day 22. But a phase of sterner thought was on the way.

Maps of London were printed showing that an atom bomb dropped in Trafalgar Square would flatten an area bounded by St. Paul's Cathedral, Euston Road, Hyde Park Corner and the Thames.

Millions of readers of the Sunday Press broke into a gentle perspiration as they read that the atom bomb could produce a temperature of 4,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit—"Seven hundred times hotter than when iron boils."

Another report said that the bomb, if dropped into the sea, would produce a hundred-foot tidal wave strong enough to overturn liners. An entranced readership was told to await the appearance of strange sea monsters who would be jinked out of their deep-sea hiding places once the bomb went off.

Favourite early rumour—it was later said to have been started by U.S. officials "for security purposes"—was that the atom bomb was just the size of a golf ball. Soon it was common knowledge that shortly the *Queen Elizabeth* would be hurtling across the Atlantic, driven by atomic engines that might be put in a matchbox, and that atomic energy pills would replace internal combustion engines in the ordinary car.

That Travelling Cloud

All other rumours were eclipsed by the arrival of the Bikini travelling cloud. This cloud, remains of the smoke mushroom that billowed above the atoll where the fourth atom bomb was dropped, was said to be revolving around the earth at a height of 17,000 feet. By early 1947 it was held to have made the round trip six times, and women in Washington were violently agitated by the theory that within three generations this circling cloud would produce world sterility.

It was not long before the atom bomb registered its first effect on the world of American commerce. New York toy shops soon found a ready demand for the "Buck Jones Improved Atomic Projector and Gamma-Ray Long-Range Destroyer" (price twenty-five cents).

Fused sand and minerals from Los Alamos, where the first experimental bomb was dropped, were shaped into jewels, fitted into brooches, and sold as "Nuclear Novelties."

In the cabarets and jive-palaces they were dancing the Bikini Boogie-Woogie with its lyric line, "You're my mighty little atom." And an American officer who took part in the Bikini experiment was criticized because, at his wedding, the cake decoration was made in the mushroom shape of the atomic explosion.

Britain remained comparatively untroubled by the travelling cloud, but public opinion inclined to blame most of the postwar weather on the atom.

As late as March of this year an outraged sea captain explained away February's fuel crisis cold snap by the fact that the Bikini under-water atom explosion had clearly diverted the waters of the warm Gulf Stream from our island coasts. Despite scientists' denials, the captain's explanation was taken to the hearts of a people who have always sought some extraordinary reason for the climate they have to put up with

Nobody will regret the passing of this phase. Of

ATOM

The ordinary man's guide to the New Age

more significance was the growth of an attitude of mind best expressed in the question millions are still asking:

"What are we doing to harness atomic energy to industry, to production?"

United States industrialists estimate that four years from now experimental atomic power plants will be established, and that six years later electric power will be produced from nuclear fuel. In fifteen years' time the atom may be producing large scale power for industry.

What is really worrying them is that the United States Congress has assigned to the Atomic Energy Commission ownership of all atomic plants and their products. A law has been passed that no private patents can be taken out on atomic inventions.

A Revolution to Them

For the first time in American history, a Government monopoly has been created.

In this country such legislation may seem sound common sense. In the United States it looks, to the big industrialists, something like revolution.

American scientists, too, are unhappy about the system of Federal control, because they see the wartime urgency ebbing from nuclear research, key men returning to other jobs, and the remaining staff subjected to what they call Federal red tape and over-departmentalism.

However much the scientists urge caution, the prophets of future war have let themselves go. The fat boy in *Pickwick* who told the old lady, "I wants to make your flesh creep," has found a thousand disciples in pulpit, Press and politics.

A U.S. Presidential Commission spoke of "intercontinental rockets with atomic warheads wiping out tens of millions overnight." And a British M.P., Frank Beswick, said he believed fifty atom bombs would make Britain untenable.

Meanwhile, through the roar of speculation sounded the cold voice of Soviet Russia, popularly believed to be without an atomic bomb or energy pile of its own, and certainly most disparaging about the whole business.

It was a Russian observer who, when the Bikini experiment had ended, gave his opinion in the classic terse phrase: "Not so much." Indeed, the end of Atomic Year One was marked by a broadcast from Moscow during which commentator Yermashev remarked: "The year has ended with the atomaniacs in retreat."

The "atomaniacs," however, continued to believe that Soviet Russia was going flat out on atom research of its own. The inevitable "Professor X" was quoted as saying that 200 German nuclear scientists had been persuaded to work "for handsome salaries and under luxury conditions" to help produce the first Russian atom bomb.

Opinion on both sides of the Atlantic is that secrets of atomic fission—very nearly discovered by the Germans before the end of the war—will not for long elude the Russians. The year 1955 is given as the date when Russia should have an atomic energy pile of its own.

In all countries there has been conscience-searching among priests, politicians, philosophers and scientists as to the moral approach to atomic energy.

Einstein's "Missionaries"

Elderly Albert Einstein, associated with the birth of the atom bomb, remains horrified by the fact that the United Nations, having used the atom bomb to bring the war to a quick conclusion, show no anxiety to reach any form of international agreement on its future control. He is appealing for a fund of £250,000 which will enable "scientist-missionaries," including himself, to tour the towns and villages of America, teaching citizens their plain duty in insisting that atomic energy be internationally controlled.

In Britain the Church, while generally condemning the atom bomb as a weapon of war, has hedged on passing precise resolutions.

We are left with what may be the decisive factor—the attitude of the world's professional sailors, soldiers and airmen.

In Britain, professional soldiers, notoriously optimistic as regards the chance of counter-weapons, refuse to believe in any decisive "push-button" war. They point out that the "old-fashioned" army will still be needed (1) to capture territory that will bring us nearer any enemy targets so that we may bombard them more effectively, and (2) to occupy any country that is shelled, rocketed or bombed into subjection, atomically or otherwise.

Finally—A Band of Hope

There remain the band of visionaries and idealists who protest their faith in the atom as a symbol of a great new age that is slowly and surely dawning, despite man's suspicions and distrust.

They point to the use doctors are already making of radioactive medicines—products of atomic energy that act as "tracers" and "bullets" in the fight against malignant tumours, diseases of the blood, glandular ailments.

They look forward to the time when atomic energy will double a nation's industrial power, increase the fertility of its fields, reclaim its deserts and waste places. They plead with us to turn our eyes and thoughts from atomic energy as a source of destruction to atomic energy as the force which can drive hunger and poverty from this world.

On the eve of the atom bomb's second birthday we would do well to listen to them rather than the scaremongers and power propagandists, because among the idealists are to be found the scientists who know most about this incalculable form of power we have unlocked.

Meanwhile, from a weary Old World, comes the sadly realistic gesture made the other day at an Oslo conference of Scandinavian insurance representatives. Atomic bomb damage, this conference decided, is not to be the subject of claims on the insurance companies.

Such damage, said the insurance men, will be considered an Act of God.

AGENT OF WAR: Victims of Hiroshima bomb queue for treatment. An M.P. has said that fifty bombs on Britain could make country untenable

AGENT OF PEACE: Science hopes atomic energy may drive industry. Officials examine uranium ore near Adelaide, Australia

Talking Points About CATS

THE LION, tiger, leopard, ocelot, lynx, jaguar, cheetah and serval are all members of the cat family. The domestic cat, known in this country for the last 1,000 years, is descended from the Egyptian cat; 3,000 years ago cats were venerated by the Egyptians, who mummified them when they died.

★ ★ ★

Cat population of Great Britain is believed to total 7,000,000. A third of these are strays. In London some 75,000 stray cats are destroyed every year.

★ ★ ★

Minnie, the ship's cat of Nelson's flagship *Victory*, has produced ninety-eight kittens in twelve years. Annie, a British Columbia cat, has had 116 kittens in 13½ years. Average life of cats is twelve years. Exceptions include Grannie of Ashford and Ginger of Lincolnshire, who reached the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight respectively.

★ ★ ★

The Civil Service gets grants for the upkeep of cats in Government offices, where it is estimated that they prevent damage which would cost £4,000,000 annually. The Port of London Authority lists cats on its "official strength." They receive a ration of food and milk and are used in warehouses to keep down rats and mice.

★ ★ ★

Many cat owners believe that their cats understand everything they say. A Washington doctor contends that cats talk, and has compiled a dictionary of the cat language. The pupil of the cat's eye is round only in the dark, when it is enlarged to receive every available ray of light; in daytime it is reduced to a mere slit.

★ ★ ★

Manx cats which are tailless, are sometimes called kangaroo cats because the hind legs are longer than the fore. The Cheshire cat does not exist. The "grin" originates from cheeses moulded like cats that were once sold in Cheshire. Catskin coats and gloves are usually made from the skin of the Russian cat.

★ ★ ★

Homing instinct of cats is believed to be due to the fact that they attach themselves to places rather than to individuals. A Yarmouth cat was seen to jump aboard one of the vessels of the Scottish fishing fleet. When the fleet visited Yarmouth again a year later the cat returned to its former home. Early in the war a Siamese cat evacuated to Devon walked 180 miles back to its old home in Surbiton. At the beginning of this year a cat walked from Bexhill to Newquay, a distance of 300 miles.

★ ★ ★

Reckoning that cats have as great a homing instinct as pigeons, with the advantage of being able to carry heavier packages, a Belgian tried to turn this to his benefit. Thirty cats were taken from Liége to a spot twenty miles away. There they were set free. The first reached home within five hours, all within twenty-four. However, the Belgian Army, to whom he tried to sell the idea of "carrier cats," was not enthusiastic.

★ ★ ★

During the war many cats were taken as good luck mascots on bombing raids over enemy territory. A cat survived a journey from England to Australia in a sealed crate of aircraft components. Another, travelling under similar conditions from Texas to North Africa, gave birth to four kittens on the way. In Paris during the German occupation cats were sold as food, fetching as much as thirty shillings a time.

★ ★ ★

Cat lovers who held a meeting in Sweden to form a "feline U.N.O.," with a world charter for cats, reached deadlock because some members wanted to include pedigree animals only. Now there are two bodies—one for the yard cats and one for the aristocrats.

Priestley's Page

John Bull readers choose the topics and J. B. Priestley comments on them in this weekly discussion feature

Q. "The idea of 'staggering' holidays seems to have been a failure so far. Are British people over-conventional in this matter?"

IT is a great pity that "staggering" holidays has not been more successful. I was in favour of it long before the war, if only because I always felt it to be a shame that so many people had to endure the August rush, put up with many inconveniences, and pay more for their lodgings when the best of the summer had probably gone.

I have never understood why people who have any choice in the matter should ever want to go away in August, which is rarely a good month in Britain.

There is far more to be said for June and September, and anyhow it is idiotic for the whole population to rush away in one vast mob.

Q. "Is the Marshall Plan (a) a further cunning attempt to impose American domination, or (b) a heaven-sent opportunity to rebuild Europe?"

THE difficulty about all American plans of this kind is that they wear two different faces, so to speak, and so can be judged, quite sincerely, in two quite different ways.

They have both a light face and a dark face, a benevolent and a sinister aspect.

The American people, who have never lost their original streak of idealism, have a genuine desire to help Europe and, indeed, the world to economic recovery. It is quite wrong to suppose that behind all these proposals is merely a cynical self-interest.

Americans have a genuine kindness and generosity as individuals, and are never deaf to the voice of conscience.

All this is the light face. Now we come to the dark. American business, which is tough and aggressive, goes on its way, making the best of all its opportunities.

If such plans as these, for the economic reconstruction of Europe, present good opportunities, then American business will at once take hold of them.

The result may be that Europe will find itself completely entangled in American economy, which is what the Russians fear.

It is a weakness of much American thinking that it cannot understand that an economic system which suits Americans may not be agreeable to other people with a very different history and background.

Thus, what begins as a genuinely idealistic and generous impulse may end as a piece of American domination.

Q. "If you had to dispense with one or more of the following—books, theatre, radio, films—in what order would you place them?"

EITHER radio or films would go first, and I doubt if I would miss either of them very much. Next after them would be the Theatre, from which I would part most reluctantly and painfully. Books would certainly be the last to go. With plenty of good books around me, I could almost recapture much of the pleasure that Theatre, radio, films have given me.

Without books I would be almost lost.

Q. "Road casualties are up again. How can the roads be made safer?"

HERE are a few suggestions, though I am no expert on this problem:

One-way double tracks for all important main roads.

Where side roads turn into main roads, motorists should be automatically compelled to slow down by some device, such as the one used, I believe, in France—a sharp dip in the road that must be crossed slowly at the risk of breaking springs.

No more ribbon development, which encourages young children to play near roads heavy with traffic.

One source of danger is the lack of quick acceleration among the older types of small British cars; and owners of such cars should be told not to drive fast or to take risks.

Finally, every driver should ask himself or herself if he or she is really fit to drive a car. There are some people who should never drive.

I stopped driving over twenty years ago because I came to the conclusion, after several minor accidents, that I tended to be too absent-minded and had a faulty road sense.

The roads would be much safer if certain types of drivers followed my example.

Q. "What should a girl do if she is ambitious for a film career?"

A QUESTION I am often asked—either by the girls themselves or by their parents. My answer is always the same.

If a girl wishes to act in films, then she must first become an actress.

It is true there are film stars who never were trained as actresses. Nevertheless, it is far better to do the job properly, and train as an actress, beginning with a course at a dramatic school and then obtaining stage work, if possible. This lays a real foundation for a career.

It is no use imagining that you want to work in films if in fact you do not want to be an actress.

You might have a face so wonderfully photogenic that film producers and directors will almost swoon at the sight of your film test—but the odds are heavily against anything of this kind.

Acting in films is a branch of acting; and if you are not interested in acting, and first learning how to act, then dismiss all these dreams of being a film star.

And, let me add, being a film star is not what it is cracked up to be.

⁂ **If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests, or appeals, please.**

FREE SPEECH

Ex-Servicemen and women are blamed as 1947's biggest warmongers by a reader who sets an outspoken note for this week's letters

NINE OUT OF TEN MEN in the street are resigned to another war. Their attitude is one of supine indifference.

Recently, in JOHN BULL, Claud Morris showed what the ordinary man *could* do about preventing another holocaust. Write to your M.P., kick up a fuss, demand power for U.N.O., he said.

Morris, you were wrong! Since reading your articles, I have been taking a "poll" of acquaintances. It's not that people feel helpless about stopping war, but that they don't really mind if it comes.

Among some ex-Servicemen I have found signs that another war, with food and billets and headquarters jobs all found ("We weren't in the Service five years without learning the ropes, old man"), would even be welcomed as a break from the monotony of austerity civvy street. I am convinced that, as a whole, the people of this country would follow their leaders into another war with far less reluctance than in 1939.

It's no use attacking the statesmen. Regrettably, I have decided that if war does come, the blame will be the man in the street's. And his womenfolk—in 1959 (or sooner)—will be proudly patting their uniformed spouses, just as they did in 1939.

War's a game that children can't resist playing.—S. HINES, The Chase, Arundel, Sussex.

Glamour Among the Workers

GO THROUGH THE "names that matter" in British films and you will find they are almost invariably people with a middle-class background. Representatives of the working classes seem to have little chance of being picked for a film career.

My advice to talent seekers is: "Go down among the workers. There is great talent lying dormant there. Who knows? You may find another Chaplin." Mr. Rank and his satellites, please note.—E. LUMER, BM/FRVV, London, W.C.1.

Give the Princess a Break

IS IT NOT POSSIBLE to start a coupon fund for Princess Elizabeth to close the mouths of those uncharitable people who cannot see the need for a supplementary allowance for her wedding?

If each family contributed one coupon there would be sufficient to cover all requirements.—M. W. COLLINS, Ben Vista, Knockheda Road, Belfast.

Under-the-counter Doctors

AFTER YEARS OF OVERWORK during the war, many of our doctors are tired out. Nobody will deny that—or the fact that they did a grand job of work during the emergency.

But are they all giving of their best today to patients who cannot afford to be "private"?

A doctor's calling is a high and sacred one. Yet there seems a danger of doctors degenerating into mere tradesmen who keep their best services "under the counter" for wealthy customers.—H. BLUEN, 5 Devonshire Terrace, London, W.2.

Stop Mollycoddling P.O.W.s

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T GET worked up over H. E. D.'s story of the R.A.F. sergeant who kicked a German p.o.w. who, exhausted, lay down by the roadside (JOHN BULL, June 28).

Surely it was no great hardship for these p.o.w.s to walk on the first stage of their journey home.

For five years I was in a German prison camp. I vividly remember taking part in a forced march at the point of loaded rifles. We had scanty rations and if we fell out through sheer exhaustion we received a bullet—not a kick.

While we shouldn't seek revenge, it is surely illogical to mollycoddle a bully in order to correct his ways.—J. M. DARRAGH, 50 Springberg Road, Glasgow, E.2.

Coal Board, Please Copy

RECENTLY AT THE CINEMA I got quite a thrill out of seeing a film of Russian miners going to work. The miners were finely equipped.

No airmen going out on operations ever carried more efficient "kit" than these men. And the film showed the Russian miner's home to be a little castle.

If the National Coal Board worked to produce such conditions in this country, they wouldn't need to issue posters asking for volunteers for the mines.—MRS. W. ANDERSON, 19 Ruthven Avenue, Giffnock, Renfrewshire.

It's Ability, Not Birth, That Matters

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, as it stands, is outdated. Men should no longer have powers of legislation simply because they happen to be born into an aristocratic family.

Instead, Britain should have an Upper House composed only of men of proved ability and integrity, who have served the country well in many walks of life—and who represent all shades of opinion. — S. W. WOOLCOTT, Tylecroft Road, London, S.W.16.

VIEWS ON THE V.D. SCOURGE ● TIME-SAVING COUPONS ● FOOD POISONING ● EFFICIENCY AND EXPORTS

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM'S contention in his article (July 12) that education and propaganda will limit the range of the V.D. scourge is partly nullified by his apparent rejection of a Christian background for morality.

Christianity declares that extra-marital relations are sinful, not simply because venereal disease may follow, but because such conduct denies the reality of mankind's spiritual nature.—REV. G. P. OWEN, 98 Crookston Road, London, S.E.9.

The Only Remedy . . .

THANKS FOR A GRAND ARTICLE on a topic that many prefer to discuss in secret.

But V.D. will never be stamped out until prostitution and the profession of ponce are made so precarious that nobody will want to make a living of evil. Any man living on the earnings of a prostitute should be jailed and flogged. — A. RACE, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

. . . Unfounded Fears

I FEEL THIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE may be of interest. There was once a case of V.D. in my wife's family, and for years she thought that she might have inherited it, though we have two bonny children. Afraid to talk to me about it, she came to the verge of nervous collapse. When at last I discovered this, we both went to the local hospital, where we were told that our fears were completely unfounded.

I would like to stress the great consideration with which we were both treated.—CASE B507, Plymouth. (Name and address enclosed.)

Service Without Scissors

I HAVE FOUND a simple way of perforating the coupons in my ration books and so saving time and trouble while shopping.

I run my sewing machine (minus cotton) along the lines of the coupons. The shopkeepers are very grateful.—E. M. PARSONS, 45 Victoria Rise, London, S.W.4.

Action Against Food Poisoning

FOOD POISONING CASES are increasing. It is time action was taken with regard to cafe, canteen and restaurant kitchens. Many of these are a disgrace.

Public eating places should display the following notice: "The kitchens on these premises are guaranteed clean and hygienic, and may be inspected by patrons at any time during business hours."

Places which failed to display such a notice could be boycotted by the public. — K. BRADSHAW, 24 Heliers Road, Liverpool, 13.

Inconsistent?

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN why vegetarians (even those who do not eat meat on grounds of humanity) still wear leather

shoes?—H. P. HALL, 45 Herschell Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

A Works Manager Disagrees

A JOHN BULL EDITORIAL (July 12) says that the cotton and clothing industries lag woefully behind with regard to efficiency and exports. As a textile works manager, I disagree.

It is the Government departments that lag woefully behind. Here are a few examples:

(1) Yarn allocations have been reduced during the current period, yet they ask us to increase exports and keep home production at the same level.

(2) Government departments ask questions of manufacturers which only the departments themselves can answer—for example: "How many workers will you employ six months hence?" The only reply possible is: "How much material will be allocated?"

(3) They ask for increased exports, yet in the hosiery trade they fix a cash quota which must not be exceeded.

(4) If more exports are wanted, why cannot the Board of Trade issue export licences freely? Uncertainty as to whether a licence will be granted makes it impossible to quote a definite delivery date. — H. HOWARTH, 23 Conway Avenue, Whitefield, near Manchester.

World Law of Libel

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS to be done in any united effort to abolish wars is the institution of an international law of libel.

It should be made a criminal offence to publish any statements tending to bring into contempt or disrepute the character or actions of the people or institutions of another country.

A clear distinction should be drawn between objective criticism—the privilege of a free Press everywhere—and tendentious criticism designed to bring

with my feet up

by Ian Fox

Fair's Fair

THE FAIRGROUND was getting ready for Bank Holiday. The Fat Lady was sewing some extra padding into her clothes and adding a few extra pounds to the scales on which she weighed herself before the public.

The Bearded Lady was composing an urgent telegram to a theatrical warehouse for a new supply of crepe hair and spirit gum.

Almost everyone had been painting new placards. "Three for sixpence" was changed to "Three for a shilling"; "Sixpence a ride" was altered to "Shilling a ride." One fortune teller was wondering whether she dare depart from tradition and say "Cross my hand with paper."

★ ★ ★

"Nobody wants motor car rides these days," said the Man with the Roundabout. "The nation has become scientific minded and if I don't move with the times I'll lose thahsands of pahnds.

"Bill, go and buy a gallon each of yellow and red paint. Then tell Charlie to paint a new sign round the top saying 'The Atomic Whirler.'"

The Man with the Hoop-la was sorting out the wood blocks on which to stand the prizes.

"It's like this," he explained to his new assistant. "You put the threepenny prizes on the little blocks because if someone gets one it doesn't matter as it costs him 6d. a go. The sixpenny prizes go on the medium blocks, and the ninepenny ones on the big blocks.

"The rings won't go over the outsize blocks, so you put the packets of cigarettes on those."

★ ★ ★

The Original Seventh Gipsy Daughter of the Original Seventh Gipsy Fortune Teller was composing a new piece to be worked off on any young man in civvies whose age looked to be nearly eighteen.

"I see a great change in your life," she wrote. "I see a large field full of huts . . . there are many figures dressed in khaki . . . it seems to be an Army camp."

The Tallest Man in the World was watching the Shortest Man in the World altering the price on his signboard.

"Well," said the Tallest Man, "if you're going to charge sixpence I'm raising mine to a shilling. Double the height, double the price—it stands to reason."

"And extra for the stilts," said the Shortest Man in the World.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

discredit upon another nation. More often than not, the latter arises from mere ignorant bias and has in the past helped to stimulate undercurrents of public opinion that harm the idea of peace and goodwill among men.—H. W. BUSH, 29 Venner Road, London, S.E.26

Pocket Money: Scorns It . . .

I SYMPATHIZE WITH G. M., whose parents dock his pocket money for various offences (JOHN BULL, July 12). Yet, as another seventeen-year-old, I believe one should be independent of one's parents for spending money.

I make and sell articles during the school holidays, and this keeps me in pocket money for most of the year.—C. WHITEHEAD, 9 Park Grove, Trecynon, Aberdare, Glam.

Don't Dock It . . .

TO PUNISH YOUNGSTERS by docking their pocket money is unwise. They have to parade before their fellows as paupers and consequently develop an inferiority complex.

Also, they never learn the real value of money, and therefore usually waste it when they start earning.—M. HORSMAN, 10 Fire Station, Friargate, York.

. . . Court Sequels

AS A TEEN-AGER, I think insufficient pocket money is responsible for the large number of young people figuring in court cases nowadays.

Surely G. M.'s parents could find other means of punishment?—M. BRETTELL, 1a Brynglas Avenue, Newport, Mon.

Make Them Lurid

POSTERS URGING "Keep Death off the Road" have become too familiar to be effective.

A better method was adopted by the Army abroad: a large board, put up at the scene of every fatal accident, bore the words, "A Fatal Accident Occurred Here," with a huge skull and crossbones—the whole painted in stark black and white.—J. A. BAKER, 19 Newton Bank, Middlewich, Cheshire.

Priestley's Upper Lip

THE SKETCHES and photographs of J. B. Priestley that accompany his weekly feature in JOHN BULL have set me thinking. I have noticed that people with a long upper lip, as he has, possess more than average intelligence.

People with outstanding cup-like ears are usually fond of music. Eyes too close together show greed. People with sharp, pointed noses persist in poking them into other people's business. The person with a large mouth is usually kind and often generous.

Nature surely lays her mark upon us.—M. E. JEFFERY, 137 Norbury Crescent, London, S.W.16.

Forward to '51

NOW THE WAR IS OVER, how about a new design for the Utility trade mark? Those ugly black discs, suggestive of bursting bombs, are not inspiring, nor does the "41" arouse any pleasant thoughts.

We don't want reminding of '41. What we want is something to help us to look forward hopefully to '51.—L. MORRILL, 15 Adlington Road, Sheffield, 5.

Here the Talk . . .

WOMEN'S HOUR on the radio, with its spate of talks on how to bottle non-existent fruit in non-existent bottles, is making me cross.

We want food, not lectures on how to cook what we have not got.—MRS. J. GUFFOGG, 26 Fulford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester 16.

. . . There the Food

FROM A FRIEND in Tasmania, a rancher, comes this letter: "We have just concluded a Food-for-Britain appeal and we collected a mile of food tins, which were lined along the pavements of whole streets; also £1,000 in cash.

"So even after our middlemen and yours get their cuts, someone should get a feed out of all this.

"If the Government would let me I would collect a shipload of fat bullocks tomorrow and send them off. All we want to know is that what we send gets to where it is needed."—J. M. H., Corstorphine, Edinburgh 12.

All Yours, Sir!

AS A SCHOOLBOY, I should like to answer the schoolmaster who wants to conscript boys for three years' work on the land (JOHN BULL, June 12).

I have a much better idea. Schoolmasters have about ten weeks' more holiday a year than the average working man. *They* should spend some of that time helping on the land.—T. W. G., Stroud. (Name and address supplied.)

Red Tape Leisure

I DISAGREE STRONGLY with Henry Firth's proposal for a Minister of Leisure (JOHN BULL, July 12). This passion for official organization is a cause of present-day apathy. People are not required to use any initiative beyond putting pen to paper to complete the latest Ministry form.

I am still in my twenties, but I believe that leisure was better spent in the days before the advent of the radio, films and other synthetic amusements. Then each man found a hobby to interest him, not merely mass entertainment to relieve his boredom.—J. T. ZAPPA, 7 Stanley Avenue, Prestwich, Manchester.

∴ People still follow hobbies. JOHN BULL is giving their stories in a series on ways of using leisure.—EDITOR.

Got a Knife?

I SEE IN THE PRESS that "shortage of pencil sharpeners in Kentish schools is causing considerable worry." Are the children of today incapable of using a penknife?—R. LOCK, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

GRACE GOLDEN, who painted this week's cover, was born and has lived in London all her life. She began exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1936, and in the war did propaganda posters for the Ministry of Information. "Bandstand" was suggested on a summer holiday visit to Eastbourne. Miss Golden worked in the details from sketches made during other seaside holidays. "I always have a notebook handy in which I can sketch types," she says.

JOHN BULL

QUIZ

ALIASES

Each of these is better known under another name; do you know it? (1) The town of Sarum. (2) The explorer-writer Aircraftman Shaw. (3) Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat, opus 55. (4) The American humorist S. L. Clemens. (5) Van Dieman's Land.

NORTH COUNTRY

(1) Where, in Britain, are public houses State-owned? (2) Which of these were north-countrymen: H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy? (3) Which country is nearest to the Isle of Man? (4) In which Yorkshire village did the Brontës spend the greater part of their lives? (5) Lancashire is cut in two by Morecambe Bay; what is the northern part called?

THE LAW

(1) What does *in flagrante delicto* mean? (2) What is a tort? (3) When may newspapers not comment on a case? (4) What is jactitation of marriage? (5) What is turning King's evidence?

FAMOUS WORDS

(1) Who said "We are not amused"? (2) Who is supposed to have said "Up, Guards, and at 'em," and where? (3) Which British Premier advised the country to "wait and see"? (4) Who said "Doctor Livingstone, I presume"? (5) Who coined the phrase "Blut und Eisen" (Blood and iron)?

BRIDGES

(1) The outline of the Forth Bridge, with its diamond-shaped cantilevers, is familiar to all; how many cantilevers are there? (2) Where is the original Bridge of Sighs? (3) Which harbour possesses two of the world's greatest bridges? (4) Who was the inventor of the emergency bridge so much used by Allied troops in the war? (5) Who wrote *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and what happened to the bridge?

(*Answers on page 22*)

BARREL OF MONKEYS

by TIMOTHY FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

No man likes to have another constantly being held up as a model by his own wife. But Lew's attempt to deprive Jim of a halo did not have quite the expected result

Corinne was putting some real art into the job. Her head was a little to one side and she was allowing her hips a new degree of abandon

It was one of those spring days when nature intended man to stay in bed.

I should have drowsed through the morning, building up strength to turn on the radio and listen to the football results. But no, I got up, went to the office, and finally dragged myself to the pub round the corner, where now I sat toying with the business man's lunch, a baleful eye on the potato salad, the beer somehow flat to my tongue.

I saw Jim Taylor come in and knew he would join me. I thought, "Hah, this day will have slowed him up," but he sat down with his usual bounce.

Jim is the husband of my wife's best friend and as likeable as a man can be who has no faults. He is The Example in our home. He is a rememberer of occasions, a fine father, a man who never goes too far. He is a rising executive with an insurance company and, in spite of all this, I can't say I dislike him.

"I was going to ring you," he said. "Are you tied up this afternoon?"

"Nothing I can't get out of," I said.

"Let's go to the circus."

You see what I mean about Jim. The chap has charm.

"The suggestion has merit," I said. "Amy was talking about the circus this morning."

"No women. No children," he answered. "The spectacle demands concentration. Our kids are too young, anyway, and Corinne has no feeling for it. Of course, if you want to bring Amy. . . ."

"She can live without it," I said. "As a matter of fact I happen to know she's busy this afternoon."

We got into our seats just as the band struck up the march for the opening parade. My spine reacted with the appropriate tremors, and it was half an hour before my interest flagged sufficiently for me to note how Jim was taking it.

From time to time he had been nudging me, to whisper, "Keep your eye on the centre ring," or "The clowns do a nice bit here."

"I take it you've seen the show before," I said finally.

"Oh, yes," he answered. He was leaning forward, his eyes half closed, his concentration as keen as a banker contemplating a loan.

"How many times?" I asked.

"Eight. These tumblers coming on now are good."

"Well, well," I said, but he wasn't listening.

My first thought was for the next time Amy held Jim up as a example to me. I would murmur darkly, "Little you know, my dear." When her curiosity had reached fever pitch I would whisper, "He goes to circuses—secretly."

But I knew it was no good. True, I had stumbled upon his weakness but it was a harmless passion, not in a class with poker. It would serve merely to endear him the more to Amy. I could hear her saying, "I wish you'd pick up a vice like that. The circus comes to town only once a year."

I became as interested in observing Jim as I was in the show. His fanaticism took the form of the studious critic. He never applauded, never smiled at the clowns. When something pleased him I could tell by the quick nod of his head.

When a performer missed perfection there would be a rapid creasing of the brow. Once, during a particularly tense moment on the high wire, he muttered, "They're overplaying to the crowd."

To be frank, before the thing ended I'd had enough, and as we trooped out I suggested a drink. I took his grunt for assent, but it wasn't until we had reached a bar and the drinks were in front of us that the spell lifted enough for him to say, "Well, how did you like it?"

"Terrific. It really carried me back."

He nodded. "It does that. I'm a little nuts on the subject." He sipped his beer and added, "They leave town tomorrow."

He reminded me of the way my four-year-old looked as I tucked her in on Christmas Night and she said, "Is Christmas all over, daddy?"

He set his drink down and fixed his eye on the ceiling above the bar. "It makes you think, Lew."

It seemed to me that the circus put a rather meagre strain on the intellect, but I had missed his point. "We go on year after year doing the same old thing," he said, "and wham! one day we're dead."

This was a day of surprises. I had never known Jim to be philosophical before, much less morbid, and I told him so.

"No," he said, his gaze remaining in the middle distance, "it isn't really morbid. Isn't there *anything* you've always wanted to do and never got around to doing?"

"Plenty," I said, and suddenly I knew the direction in which we were headed.

He put his hand on my arm. "This is between us, Lew. It's why I got you to come along with me. I can work it to go with the show for a couple of weeks. A kind of a roustabout. From here they go on the road. They'll be under canvas for the summer."

There was madness in his eyes. Lew wasn't seeing me at all but canvas slapping in the wind on a bright morning, elephants being led out to water, gaudy girls in tight clothes walking through the dust. Perhaps the girls were my addition, but he saw the rest of it and he was lost.

"I wondered what you'd think Corinne would say."

He didn't care what I thought about Corinne. He wanted to be pushed. I should have used my modest powers to dissuade him from such arrant folly, but I did nothing of the kind.

Here was opportunity clutching at my throat. Amy, I thought, watch me smash your ideal!

He was waiting like a spaniel for the word of his master.

"Well," I began cautiously, "it's not as if there was anything wrong in taking some time off. Suppose you fell down and broke your leg or something. It would keep you away from the office. Hell, think of the chaps who go off on benders. As for being away from Corinne and the children, well, suppose you worked for a firm where they sent you out on the road?"

I thought he was going to lick my hand. "Yes," he glowed. "That's the way I was looking at it, Lew."

I punched his shoulder with my fist. "Boy! I envy you. You'll kick yourself the rest of your life if you miss this chance. When do you leave?"

"I'd go out when they break tomorrow."

"Let's have a drink on it," I said.

I decided to savour my triumph with Amy and I began by mentioning casually at the supper table that Jim had taken me to the circus that afternoon. I tempered her disappointment by admitting I was a little old for that sort of thing; that the noise and movement had soon caused it to pall.

"But you should have seen Jim," I

went on. "He's been to the damn thing eight times."

"Not really?"

"He has! He was babbling about running off with the show for a couple of weeks."

"You're kidding."

I shrugged. "Of course, he won't do it."

"I should think not indeed."

Just then the phone rang. It was Corinne, of course. I feigned indifference when Amy returned.

"That was Corinne."

"Ah?"

My wife gave me a searching look.

"Jim is packing up to go with the circus."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Furthermore, Corinne has an idea you talked him into it. I concur in her suspicion."

"Listen, dear," I said patiently, "it never actually occurred to me that Jim, a steady, homeloving——"

"I can read you like a book."

She finished her supper reflectively. To fill the silence I said, "Can you imagine Jim doing a thing like that? We must have had quite the wrong idea of him."

I became a bit restless under her scrutiny and adjusted my tie.

"You know," she said finally, "the more I think about it the more it intrigues me. I never suspected Jim was such a romantic old soul."

"There's that side of it," I admitted, my castle beginning to crumble.

"After all, he's not hurting anyone," she went on. "He's going to spend two weeks out in the open air, which is certainly better than sitting up all night gambling in a smoky room. I like a man who has the courage to do something different."

It was the crack about poker that got me. Otherwise I might have kept my head. I blurted, "Courage! Why, it was nothing but a vague dream until I spent an hour selling him on the thing. Why——"

"Aha," she said softly and gathered up the plates.

It's like living with the prosecuting counsel. I can't win, ever.

And then Amy began to giggle. "It really is the most amazing thing, isn't it?"

I didn't know what she meant, but I never could resist her giggle.

"It's one for the book," I said, and we were laughing together.

But it didn't really become one for the book until two weeks later. Then it became one for all time. We'd had a post card the first week from Jim with the single sentence: "Having more fun than a barrel of monkeys!" Corinne was taking it lightly, a firm follower of the Amy line. Jim had become a colourful character, a bit of a dog, a lovable eccentricity rounding out his perfection. It was a baleful period for me.

Then one morning, just as we were finishing breakfast, Corinne rushed in.

"He's leaving me!" she said, and collapsed in tears into Amy's arms. A piece of paper fluttered to the floor and I retrieved it, guessing correctly that it bore the tidings. Jim had written:

"Corinne dear,

"I'm not man enough to say what I have to say to your face. I'd never be able to explain what has happened to me, to say that it is impossible for me to return to the life we have known together. I only know that this experience has changed me deeply, that my whole life up till now has been a sham. Of course, loving you and the children was real and it will always be a part of me, but I can't go back to what we had together. You would not like me as I am now. I have become a man without thought or care for the morals and ethics of society. I live by the moment, caring not what the morrow will bring.

"As to money: fortunately you have your own income and, of course, I shall turn over everything I have to you. There are two policies which should. . . ."

The rest was rather personal and I have my code; also Amy had a hand out reaching for the letter.

"I know there's a woman," Corinne sobbed. "Some little bareback rider or . . . or trapeze artist."

"Nonsense!" I said, although this was precisely the construction I had put on the thing.

Amy gave the page a quick rundown, flashed me a look that chilled my blood, and said, "Fortunately, it hasn't gone very far. If he intended to go through with it he would have come to see you. I know Jim. There's not a thing to worry about, darling. It's just spring or something. Lew will run out there today and drag him back by the ears."

It should have been a great moment for me. Of all the things I have done I have never threatened to leave my wife and children, not in writing at any rate. But, at that instant, I had the good sense to mask my thoughts. Sometimes I surprise myself.

"Right," I said, all brisk efficiency. "I'll catch the first train and have him back tonight. Chin up, Corinne."

On the train I formed no plan beyond the obvious appeal to reason; a straight man to man talk, winding up with a balm to his pride in the form of the announcement that I thought he was quite a fellow.

I was prepared, of course, to pull out all the stops if necessary and declare that the world was in dire need at this time of men of integrity. "What would happen," I would demand, "if everyone decided to behave like this?" If that didn't work there were always the infants. No man, certainly not Jim, could stand up under the kind of black future I was capable of presenting for children of divorce.

It was, then, in rather the spirit of a pleasant outing that I taxied from the station and bribed my way into the circus grounds.

The sun stood straight and warm in the sky, a caressing breeze bore a mingled perfume of frying onions, big animals, new paint, and manure; I heard the deep roar of a jungle beast, the sharp run of a cornet player practising, men's laughter from an open tent.

I noted a keen-eyed ring-master in sporty attire, a man eight feet tall twirling a lariat, a clown before a mirror making up for the matinee. And when a stately cowgirl, her platinum hair loose to the wind, shot me an appraising glance as I passed, I wondered quickly if Amy could have made the mistake of sending a boy on a man's errand.

But I took myself in hand and soon found Jim, dressed in a tan jumper, a kind of yachting cap on the back of his head, watering a giraffe.

He looked up as I approached and I had the impression he was going to bolt, but he squared his shoulders, forced a smile, and said, "Well, it didn't take you long."

It was my intention to keep the interview on a friendly, light-hearted basis. "We always try to give prompt service," I said, and then, falling readily into the jargon of the scene, "What's the pitch, boy?"

He sighed and patted the nose of the giraffe.

"I put it the best way I could in the letter to Corinne," he said.

"Come now, Jim," I said, with a short, man-of-the-world laugh, "I know there's a gal behind all this."

The cloud that passed over his face indicated my shaft had struck home. I was kind but relentless. "This sort of thing happens to everyone, old man. Nothing that can't be patched up. Tell her you're a married man, the father of kids. She'll take it in the right spirit. If it's a question of money. . . ."

"Lew," he said, low but fiercely, "Lew, you've always been a pretty close friend but I won't have you implying this kind of thing about Clara Sue."

I winced, imperceptibly I hoped.

With remarkable taste, I thought, the giraffe chose this moment to withdraw to the heights.

"I apologize, Jim," I said.

"You couldn't have known," he said. "It's all right, Lew."

He was dead serious and I knew I had to be careful of my ground. "You won't mind my asking, will you, if you've told her about Corinne and the children?"

"Of course I haven't. I've hardly spoken a dozen words to her, Lew."

"I see." This was much worse than anything I'd expected. "She's a performer, is she?"

"She appears briefly on the head of an elephant," he said. "In the parade, you know. You may remember her. She's on the third elephant, all in white. The way she sits up there, Lew, like a . . . a princess."

I didn't remember her, but he had given me a clue. "That's why you joined up here, eh?"

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "I had barely looked at her until five days ago. And then. . . . Can you imagine how I could have gone on seeing the show day after day and never noticing her?"

"It's hard to credit," I said.

He ignored my irony. "It is. Sometimes I think there must have been something preordained about it, Lew. About my coming here, and everything."

It was time to give him the works and I did, with trimmings. I tried everything, patriotism, honour, the blighted lives of Corinne and his offspring. I even hinted that he'd be letting down his old school, but it was painfully obvious my words had little effect on him.

Finally Jim said, "Don't you think

Continued on page 21

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

The Dignity of Labour

FEW people today have, I suppose, ever read Newman Hall's panegyric on the dignity of labour. Yet there was a time when it appeared in many school-books, and every child knew it as a great rhetorical piece of English.

It is worth repeating some of it:

"Labour clears the forests, drains the morass, makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. It moulds the brick, quarries the stone, shapes the column, and rears the palace, the tapering spire, the stately dome and the humble cottage home.

"Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long hidden stores, feeds ten thousand furnaces and enables millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. . . .

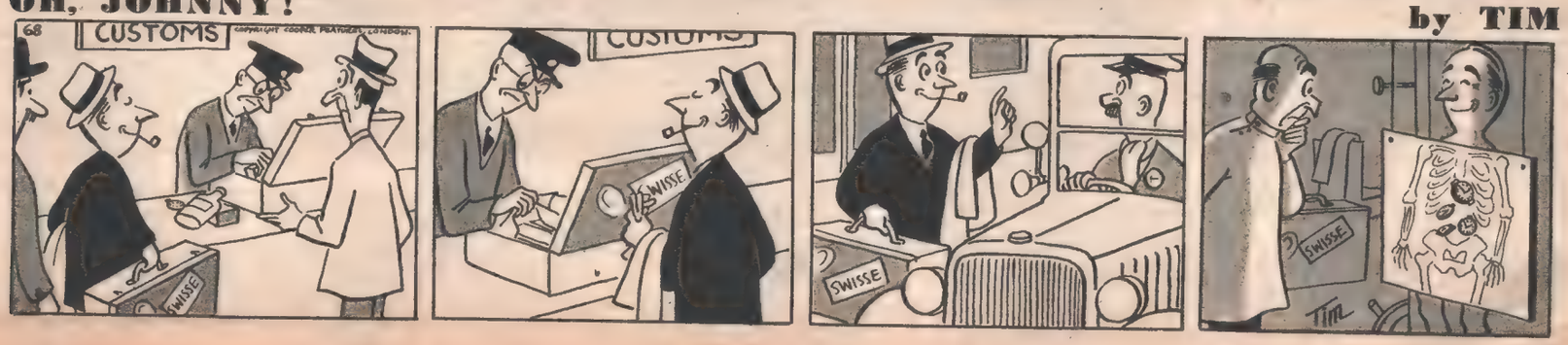
"Labour is a mighty magician, with wonder-working wand making dreary valleys smile with golden harvests, clothing barren mountains with foliage, making busy wheels whirl round and towns appear, raising up the marts of commerce, the halls of science, the temples of religion.

"Because of labour civilization smiles, liberty is glad, humanity rejoices, piety exults; the voice of industry makes gladness heard on every hand."

You can of course, turn round and tell me that all this no longer holds good. I reply roundly that the truth of Newman Hall's words can be re-established—just as soon as we make the phrase, "the dignity of labour," really mean something again and restore it to its rightful place in our language and our life.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



in lodgings by himself and was kind of lonesome like most shy folks. But he didn't care much about having his head pulled down and breathed over.

He was worried—about Connie Mason at the library chiefly.

She was an intelligent-looking girl, with dark hair curling down on her shoulders and eyes with a flash to them. Dennis had been thinking about her for years.

She would smile at him when she saw him in the street, or when he was changing his library book. It wasn't so bad as long as Dennis had his hat on. But when he grinned back at her and raised his hat—well, it hardly seemed decent. All that bald head in her face.

Dennis rubbed his head that night for half an hour before he got into bed. His idea was to rub off the fluff, but next morning when he got to the glass he knew the rubbing had only stimulated it—for the map of Ireland now was a thick tuft of reddish hair, a couple of inches long.

He decided he'd have to shave his hair. He shaved it close, with the grain and against the grain.

About eleven that morning, while at his desk in the estate office, he felt a bristle on his head, and when he went to the glass the map of Ireland was back, nearly a quarter of an inch high and thick as a tooth brush. So Dennis set off on his bike to see the doctor.

DOCTOR PINSON took the boy's head under his arm and examined it with a powerful magnifying glass. "Something has stimulated growth in an extraordinary way," he decided. "Of course, a young man like you shouldn't be bald in the first place. Perhaps some condition has temporarily prevented the hair from growing hitherto. I think I should try the stuff over the whole head, my boy."

When it became known that Dennis was looking for Sam Harnett and the rest of that bottle almost everyone in Chipping Worsley was ready with advice.

"Stick your head inside the skin of a rabbit." Bert Legge recommended, "and leave the skin against your scalp until that rabbit skin's dry enough to crackle. Nothing like it for producing hair. My dad lived to be ninety-three and to the end he had hair you could lose a comb in."

There was one person Dennis dreaded meeting. He could picture himself raising his hat to Connie—and her face when she saw the tuft. So he cornered Sam Harnett in the stables up at the Manor House.

Dennis wasted no time on ceremony. He tipped the bottle up and poured a generous go of the stuff in the palm of his hand and massaged it well in, all over his head, then crammed on his hat and slunk back to his lodgings. He didn't go out that evening. For one thing his head stung so he could have screamed.

Next morning the tingle had gone and in the glass he saw his tuft still there. But now it was rising like Table Mountain out of a dense sea of ginger fluff. Hair was coming up all over his head, thick and healthy.

A queer feeling inside him began to take shape.

By noon that day his hair had grown enough to make him look like a cross between Uriah Heep and a convict—to other people, of course. To Dennis the chap in the glass looked like a strapping young fellow with a thick head of hair. And the more he stared at himself the stronger this feeling he had began to grow.

He got down to the library just before it closed, and his heart gave a jump when Connie Mason came over to him at the counter. "Connie!" he said, with his Adam's apple jerking, "I've never had the nerve to ask you before . . . because—what I mean is—are you doing anything tonight? If not, I'd like to take you out somewhere. Just us two, Connie."

She was staring at him, surprised. "Why, gracious, Dennis! I've known you ten years and you suddenly decide you want to take me out!"

"I've always wanted to take you out. Only this is the first time I've asked you."

"I've got a date for tonight, Dennis. I'm sorry. Some other night?"

"Tonight was important. I've got something I want you to see." He hesitated with his hand on the brim of his hat, but he let his secret lie.

"Well, I'm sorry, Dennis."

When he got round to "The Barley Mow," talk stopped and you could have heard a pin drop until he took his hat off. Then it sounded like the parrot house at the Zoo. They all crowded round, pulling at his head and whistling. Then someone heard somebody say, sharp-like: "How would you like me to slap your ears back, Ted Sparrow?"

And it was Dennis who said it.

"Next fellow," he added, looking round, "who snatches at my head'll get one. Now push off! Go on! Hasn't anybody got anything to do in this bar?"

Miss Loveday was staring at him, wide-eyed. Dennis ordered himself a pint of old ale, and she could see as he drank it at the bar that the hair was thick and wavy, copper coloured at that. "It'll take a parting," she said.

The boy was so touchy that evening he'd snap your head off for nothing—Dennis, mind you!

Now it would be about ten o'clock that night that Connie Mason was walking home across the fields with a young chap she'd been to the pictures with. Whatever it was came over Dennis must have come over him by then, for he suddenly came up behind those two and, without a word, knocked the young chap down. There was a bit of a scrap, naturally, but there was no holding Dennis that night.

And, when it was all over and the other chap had gone off, there was the girl, standing there, gaping at Dennis's hair in the moonlight. . . .

What he said to her that night, no one knows, but when they reached her lodgings it was midnight and she was still staring up at him starry-eyed. He had to push her gently inside the house and shut the door.

From then on—for three days—Dennis was a changed man.

The first sign of trouble was when he found a haircut wouldn't last him more than one day. Of course, no one scarcely dared to speak to him in the village. He looked as if he'd knock anyone down for tuppence. And the girl was always with him, every minute she could spare.

But the fact remained; Dennis had to have his hair cut every morning before he started work. The stuff had got properly into his bloodstream, and of course it also stimulated his whiskers. He found he couldn't keep up with his beard either. Round about six o'clock you'd think you were talking to a wild man.

The faster his hair grew the more that girl worshipped him—but in the end the growth began to worry Dennis. He was having two shaves and two haircuts a day. He went to see the doctor again, but the doctor couldn't help him. "I couldn't stop it," he told Dennis, "any more than I could have started it. Your hair glands have had a jolt and they're working overtime."

In less than another week Dennis had to give up the idea of trying to shave. He just let the hair grow—and what a sight it was! Flaming red and thick as a doormat!

WHAT happened in the end must have been a bit of a shock even to Connie—the night she was passing through the churchyard, I mean.

A voice among the tombstones almost made her jump out of her skin. "Connie," it said.

"Dennis! You gave me such a fright!" She couldn't see anyone there, only hear the voice.

"D'you—love me, Connie?"

"Of course I do, Dennis. What's wrong?"

"Love me never mind what?"

"I love you for ever, Dennis. Where are you?"

He stepped out into the moonlight and took off his hat. It came off easy, like sliding off soap. He was bald as a coot.

"Dennis!" she said. "It all grew out of your system and now there isn't any more.

He swallowed. "I had a l-look in the glass and I could hardly believe it was me. . . ."

"You look fine," she told him quickly. "Who wants a lot of hair, anyway?"

He looked at her for a moment. "I was feeling a bit nervous about meeting folks," he said. "But I'm all right now."

"Of course you're all right!" she told him sharply. "And you're always going to be."

And the funny thing is, he always has been. He never went back to being shy and put upon; in fact, to this day there's few round this way who would care to start an argument with Dennis.

As for that girl . . . well, you know how it is with women! If he started to grow feathers tomorrow she'd still worship the ground he walked on.

A BIRTH HAS

HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D., attacks the prejudices that still centre round the bearing of TEST-TUBE BABIES

Bonny Madeleine Ann Cordaroy was born three years ago, thanks to artificial insemination

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

Exciting Incident. Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. and Maureen O'Hara are not on speaking terms in scene above. However, there's no cause for alarm and all ends well in RKO's Technicolor spectacle "Sinbad the Sailor". Walter Slezak is co-starred in this new film.

Heading For A Wedding. Shirley Temple and Guy Madison cause plenty of side-splitting complications when they try to get married in RKO's "Two Men and A Girl". Franchot Tone is co-starred in this romantic comedy based on a Vicki Baum story.

Romantic Moment. Little does John Mills suspect the evil desires of Martha Scott in this scene from the J. Arthur Rank-RKO Radio production of James Hilton's "So Well Remembered". Cast also co-stars Patricia Roc, Trevor Howard and Richard Carlson.

Racked by jealousy, goaded to desperate deeds, Henry Fonda faces disaster in this closeup from "The Long Night," a Hakim-Litvak production. Clinging to him is screen newcomer Barbara Bel Geddes, from the Broadway stage. Also starred: Vincent Price, Ann Dvorak.

SEE THESE BIG RKO HITS
AT YOUR FAVOURITE CINEMA
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Continued from page 18

I've already gone over all that, Lew?" I couldn't believe that I hadn't introduced one or two new angles, but I was willing to humour him. "I suppose you have, Jim, but I wish you'd run over it again. Look at it like this. You . . ."

I was set to begin again from the beginning but he held up his hand. "I know you think you're acting like a friend and I appreciate it. But this is bigger that I am, Lew. This is where I belong, where I've always belonged. This life, all this is what I was made for. . . ."

"All this," I said, "and Clara Sue."

"Perhaps."

I began to admit defeat. I felt it was no use talking to him until he'd got Clara Sue off that elephant and discovered for himself that she was, like the rest of us, made of common clay.

Then I thought of Amy. I exclude Amy from the common clay. She is cast in iron. I knew if I returned without Jim I would be executed without trial. I had sealed my doom when I had let it out that I had talked Jim into this in the first place.

"Jim," I pleaded, "for my sake, would you come back and have a talk with Corinne?"

"It wouldn't do any good, Lew. It's better this way, a good clean break once and for all."

"I know you'll come to regret this decision, Jim," I said.

And then it hit me. Never before had a plan sprung so full blown, complete and precise in every detail. I felt as a poet, starving in an attic, might when, in a burst of white light, he recalls the name of a man who will lend him a fiver.

I went slowly back to Jim. "There was one thing Corinne wanted me to tell you," I began.

"Yes?"

"She said if you didn't come back she would understand."

"Well," he said, "well, that's fine."

"She still loves you, of course, but she knows how you feel because she's been doing the same kind of thing, more or less."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, there's no man in the picture, Not yet, anyway. But after you left she began thinking about your going off and doing something you'd always wanted to do. So she decided to try it herself."

I wouldn't call Jim guileless; it was just that his curiosity overcame his suspicion. "Well, what's she doing?"

"You'll get a surprise, Jim. She's working as a waitress in a restaurant."

"A restaurant?"

"Rafferty's. In the men's grill."

His reaction was colourful. There was the reddening of the temple, the puffing out of the cheeks, the opening and closing of the hands. "Gosh, Lew. I can't see Corinne working there."

"It's only part time. Eleven to three."

"I mean, the place is a wolf den. She can't like it there."

I hunched a shoulder and spread my palm, indicating that the ways of women were beyond me. "She says she's always wanted to try it. Of course, there's a certain amount of pinching and all that, but she says it doesn't bother her. She gets a laugh out of it."

It was a great struggle he had with the vision of his lovely wife, the mother of his children, as a waitress at Rafferty's. It was so incredible that he couldn't doubt it, or possibly he was in a state of shock.

I gave him another angle to ponder. "In a way, it's a lucky thing. I mean she'll be having some money coming in."

"She doesn't need money."

And then he got it. Of course, she didn't need money, but would his friends know about that when the word got around that he'd left her? As I say, the wellsprings of my idea went beyond simple talent.

I held out my hand. "Good luck, old man."

He shook my hand mechanically and I left him, dazed, among the zebras.

The quick exit was called for at this point. He was roped but it would have been folly to pack him home on my back. He had to come along in his own time.

This was the point I sought to establish when I returned to my hearth and found Corinne and Amy together, expectant on the sofa.

"Where is he?" That was Amy.

"Coming. He'll be here tomorrow, I think."

"You *think*?"

"I feel certain."

"What was she like?" This was Corinne.

There are times when men, whatever their surface differences, must stand together. "There's no woman, Corinne. Just a dream."

"This circus thing has been deep inside Jim for a long time," I hurried on. "I don't think any of us had any idea what a hold it had on him. Obviously, it called for a certain amount of inspiration on my part."

"We are listening," my wife explained.

I told it rather well, I thought—about finding Jim with the giraffe and how he had remained deaf to all my entreaties. Even when I unfolded my scheme involving Corinne, I was appropriately modest. When little shrieks of admiration were not forthcoming I took it to mean that the girls were merely awed by my genius.

"Not bad, eh?" I concluded.

"Well, now I've seen everything!" Amy said.

"That's a funny thing," I said. "Those were the exact words Rafferty used just now when I was arranging for Corinne to go to work there tomorrow. He said, 'I've been in this pub twenty-seven years, Mr. Brown, and now I've seen everything.'"

"You *went* to Rafferty?" It was a scream from Amy.

"You don't think Corinne could just walk in there and get a job, do you? Rafferty's grill is a high-tipping spot." I was a little annoyed by now. "I think you might at least say, 'Nice going, Lew.' I've put in a day."

Amy snorted but Corinne said, "It might work."

"It *might* work!" I fumed. "Of course it will work. Don't you see how Jim's going to think of it. He was temporarily stunned by my news, but by now he's beginning to wonder if perhaps I was pulling something on him. I don't see why anyone should suspect me, but he won't be sure until he comes back and has a look for himself, which will be tomorrow. After that it's up to you, Corinne. As I understand it, my duties end with his arrival."

"Just remember that," Amy said. "From now on we'll proceed without the benefit of your massive intellect." She turned to Corinne. "It's ridiculous, but he's put us in the position of having to go through with it, Corinne. Would you mind terribly going to Rafferty's?"

"I think it might be fun," Corinne said, and smiled.

I went up to the nursery, where I am properly appreciated.

When I came back Corinne had gone and Amy was warming up to give me her Look. I decided to surprise her for once. "Her name is Clara Sue, but there's nothing to worry about. He's got her on a pedestal in the form of an elephant's head, and. . . ." When I had finished Amy was giggling.

"You know what?" she asked. "You're taking me to lunch tomorrow. At Rafferty's."

Rafferty caters for the lower professions—advertising people, motor salesmen, show folk are in abundance during the lunch hour.

It was in a corner affording a view of the grill that I sat with my wife the next day. I had examined a timetable and concluded that Jim would be on the train that got him into the city at half past twelve. It was now twelve forty-five.

I commenced to reap some of the benefit due to me and said, "Well, I must say the whole thing has been a kind of shock to me. It just goes to show you never really know a man."

"I think Jim's a darling."

"You don't mean to say you still *admire* him?"

"I used only to admire him. Now I know he has a soul."

"Listen," I said, "if I ever did anything like that I'd . . . I'd——"

"Be out in the street. But you know that you wouldn't. It's not in you."

"Do you mean to sit there and say I have no soul?"

I never received my answer, for at this moment Jim came through the street door into the grill. He blinked a bit, accustoming his eyes to the dim light, and then stood there looking round.

It happened that Corinne was in the kitchen just then, but it is possible she had been watching through the hole in the door, for she appeared almost at once and started down through the room, a cup of coffee balanced neatly on her tray, her eye well away from her mate.

I suspect it was Amy's work, but Corinne was wearing more make-up than usual and her hair was done a new way. In her high heels and short skirt she was a joy to behold, and the customers had been doing just that.

I have to hand it to the girl; she was putting some real production into the thing. Her head was a little to one side and she was allowing her hips a new degree of abandon.

Somewhat reluctantly I turned my attention to Jim, who had gone dead white. He appeared to be rooted to the spot, swaying slightly but fixed by the enormity of the scene.

Corinne flounced to a corner table that was occupied by a dressy character who looked like a boxer. She put down the coffee and the customer engaged her in a bit of harmless badinage.

From our vantage point, of course, all this was taking place in dumb show. It had something of the effect of watching an old-time, silent movie melodrama.

Corinne's head went back as she laughed at some pleasantry, and then I saw the man, in a casual, friendly gesture, pat her lightly on a spot that served to galvanize Jim into action.

He sprinted across the room, caught Corinne by the shoulder, shook his finger in her face, and pointed dramatically toward the kitchen door. Corinne moved haughtily off and Jim addressed himself to the innocent diner, his fist in a ball, his mouth working rapidly. He must have been reckless in his abuse, because the man got up slowly, pulled himself to his full height and knocked Jim down.

What immediately followed was screened from us by the grill patrons getting up to their feet in a general movement toward the scene, spearheaded by Rafferty himself.

Amy's hand was to her mouth. "Get a doctor, Lew. Hurry!"

"He doesn't need a doctor," I said. "Unless possibly to have his brain examined. Did you ever see such a damned fool?"

Fortunately for the future of our home, Jim was soon on his feet, Corinne holding a handkerchief tenderly to his mouth, as they came towards us to the washroom. Amy started to get up but I waved her down. "The reconciliation has been accomplished," I said.

And it had. As they passed our table we heard Jim mumble, "Can you ever forgive me, darling?" and Corinne assured him tearfully that she could.

I shook my head. "Brawling in a public place."

"It was beautiful, beautiful," Amy said. "He fought for her honour."

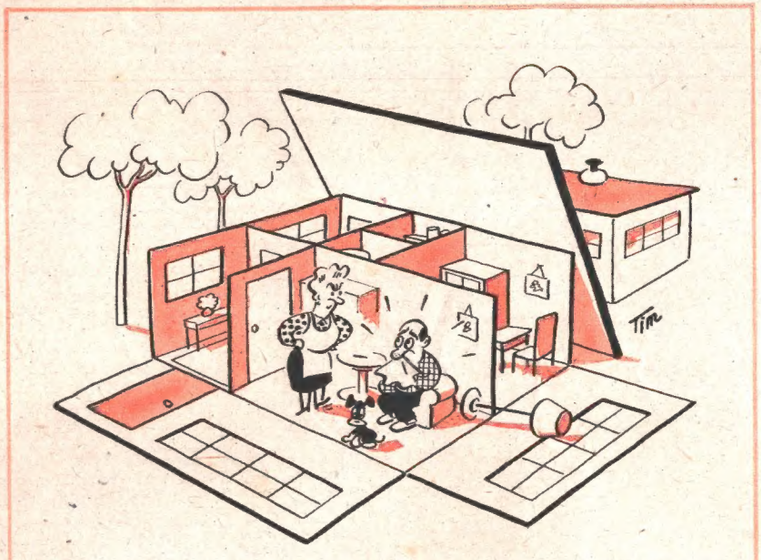
"Some fight," I observed sardonically.

"It will bring them closer together than ever before," she said dreamily.

Her face betrayed a tenderness that has heretofore been reserved for the observation of small animals, including our own. I realized that for her Jim had now joined this sanctified set. From now on he was to be not only loved but protected.

I saw Rafferty in the middle of the grill scratching his head, and I began to scratch mine.

Amy may have seen everything but Rafferty and I haven't.



"Here we go again, you and your hay-fever!"

His £1,050 HOBBY

THIS ex-soldier's hobby of *Bullets*, one which you can begin enjoying this evening, has brought him £1,050 in First Prizes alone during the last two years. Well done, reader J. W. Booth, of 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth!

His latest success was with the £300 effort, WORKING FOR BRITAIN—" BELOW SURFACE," HER " PRIDE." Well-chosen words, but you could just as well have thought of them—and an entertaining half-hour with *Bullets* can bring you a £300 First Prize cheque or any of this week's cash prizes value over £500.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated August 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

100 CHEQUES
£300 INCREASED FIRST PRIZE
£25, £10
£9, £8, £7
£6, 6 of £3
12 of £2.10
25 of £1.10
50 of £1
and
1,500 "GOOD SHOTS"

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITANNIA
TARGET FOR TOMORROW
TO SAVE DOLLARS
SONNY'S WORLD
HUMAN CLAY
VICTORY OVER DEPRESSION
IN THE BALANCE
SILVER LINING
WISE WOMAN
BACK FROM THE SEASIDE
HELPLESS
TO BE RECKONED WITH
NOT AMUSING
ON THE WAY UP
WORRIES AND CARES
ASKING FOR IT
DAME RUMOUR
THE BOSS GOT MAD AND
RUINED THE EVENING
LIKE A TON OF BRICKS

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

MAKES US .....
TIED ..... IN KNOTS
WON'T FIND .....
REFUSING TO .....
MOTH-EATEN .....
..... SAID "NO!", SO

"BULLETS" RESULT 1,586

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Swiss Holiday: W. H. Cowmeadow, 13 Christchurch Street, Cambridge:
How To Get Debt Met—Sweat!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: E. Destoni, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool, 9. **Out Of This World—My Gateway's My "Getaway."**

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Miss A. Adams, 20 Sunray Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.24: **Good To See—*Happy* Couple Hitting Headlines!**

THREE PRIZES of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: W. J. Church, 16 Millfield Road, Thorne, near Doncaster: **Doesn't Mind Drudgery—It's For Her "Slave."** Mrs. C. Green, 136 St. Leonards Avenue, Hove, 3: **Don't Pay—"Through Nose" —Open Mouth!** A. J. Mace, 71 Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport: **His Wife And Youngsters —Plodder's "Prodders."**

SIX PRIZES OF £2 10s.: D. Jones, 145 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N.7: **Call Of The Sea—Fills "Skylark" With "Drakes."** Mrs. J. Piercy, "Greenroofs," Crow Hill, Broadstairs: **Out Of This World—Professor—With *My* Umbrella!** A. S. Swannell, 21 Angus Gardens, N.W.9: **Food For Britain—Is *Your* "Dominion" Producing?** C. K. Swarbrick, 48 Manor House Lane, Deepdale, Preston: **On The Cards—*Shinwell* Declaring "Poker Illegal"!** Mrs. A. C. Thompson, High Street, Boroughbridge: **Painful —Even *Newspaper* "Tablecloths" Shrink!** C. M. Trickitt, 77 Houghton Road, Grantham: **Round One—Table—Nations "Better Served."**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

TRY THIS £150 CROSSWORD!

Waiting to be won in this week's Crossword—£100 in First Prize cash, £25 cash for Runners-up and additional awards value £25!

Post your square below by MONDAY, August 11.

XWORD 538 RESULT

WINNING WORDS: ACROSS: 1, Fist. 3, Soil. 9, Have. 10, Darn. 14, Topper. 15, Bid. DOWN: 2, Scare. 4, Lost. 5, Dash. 6, Soaked. 7, Oar. 8, Teas 11, Mike. 12, Tent. 13, Lie.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: Mrs. M. L. Copeland, Moston; Miss E. M. Day, Gosport; Mrs. J. H. Lindsay, Liverpool; E. I. B. Rundle, Fallowfield; A. Sticker, Bristol; Mrs. M. Wellens, Fleetwood; Mrs. M. B. Whitelegg, Bewdley.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 46 entrants. £25 EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH shared amongst 48 prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries.

Across Clues XWORD 542

1. It's a poor sort of town that hasn't two or three pleasant ones
3. Man who's fired usually gets this
6. When within reach of goal, it's bad luck to be pulled up smartly by
8. It's sometimes vital that detective should check up on
10. Without gift of this, many a scientist is somewhat handicapped
12. Whip is too often applied to
14. Some take these to help make kiddies' seaside holiday a happy one

Down Clues

1. Some people's hair is easily this into position
2. Face of one often appears worn
4. Cyclist finding puncture after just setting out, will probably repair this at once
5. May sometimes be raised on saddle
7. When men do this, they sometimes give other people's game away
9. One sometimes has a preference for those of a certain age
11. The more widely read, the more interesting
13. One should not be charged without the gravest justification

1 P	A	2 R		S	■	3	A	S	4 H
A	D	O	■	O	5 C	■	U	N	O
	■		■	6 B	A	■	K	■	
T	A	K	E	■		■	S	7 P	E
E	M	■	8 D	A	T	■	■	■	■
D	A	9 P	■	I	L	■	10	A	11 B
■	12 H	O	■	S	E	■	■	C	O
13	■	■	■	L	■	E	C	H	O
O	U	T	W	E	A	R	S	■	
B	A	S	E	542	14 P	A	I	■	S

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra Awards value £25 amongst prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 23 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark.
No. ..... MON., AUG. 11
Signed **542**
Address .....
.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,590 (or XWORD 542), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Aug. 23 offering **100 BIG CHEQUES**

403

NAME .....

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EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
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BULLET .....

Closing Postmark.
1,590 MON., AUG. 11
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Freedom to Remarry

"FIVE YEARS AGO my husband deserted me and went abroad, but until he can be traced the solicitors cannot serve divorce papers. Have I to remain tied for the rest of my life to a man I shall never see again?"

▸▸ If your husband left the country you do not appear to be able to divorce him unless you can serve him with the necessary documents. After seven years' absence you could apply to court for an order to presume his death. This would make you free to remarry if you wished.

War Damage Payment

"SOME FIVE YEARS AGO my sister made a will leaving me her house and furniture. Her money was to be divided, half coming to me and the rest shared between two other people. The house was badly damaged by a flying bomb and the war damage was fixed at £200. I am now informed that the £200 has to be shared, half to me, the rest between the two others. Do you think this is correct?"

▸▸ The money payable by the War Damage Commission belongs to your late sister's estate and therefore must be divided as directed by the will.

Schedule A

"OUR HOUSE belongs to my wife and £16 is deducted from my allowances on the income tax assessment form. The rateable value of the house is £14. Why do they deduct £16 every year?"

▸▸ The Schedule A assessment on a house is usually a pound or two more than the rateable value. If you appeal against the £16 assessment you will have to show that the house could only be let at a rent of under 10s. a week. The deduction is correct.

Claimant to Furniture

"I AM LIVING WITH my late husband's family, and have been told that, if the parents die without making a will, their son will be able to claim all my furniture as his own. He lives in the house with us. Will you please tell me if this is so?"

▸▸ You have been misinformed. Your brother-in-law has no claim whatever to your furniture in any case.

Joint Income

"AS I AM ABOUT TO retire from business I should like to invest my savings in property in my wife's name. If I do this, shall I have to pay more income tax than if I purchase in my own name?"

▸▸ It is immaterial for income tax purposes whether you purchase the property in your wife's name or your own. Tax liability is assessed on the combined income of husband and wife.

Arrears of Pension

"AFTER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS' work in England my wife and I came to Eire because my wife's health was bad. We have been getting 10s. a week old age pension, but in England we should be getting 26s. a week. If we return to England shall we be entitled to claim the 26s. to cover the period when we were in Eire?"

▸▸ As you were residents outside Great Britain on September 29, 1946, the increased rate of pension was not payable to you. The new rate will be allowable only from the date of your return. You will not be entitled to any arrears.

Maternity Benefit

"WE ARE EXPECTING a baby, and my wife will shortly be leaving the business where she has worked for twenty years. When she leaves, must she go to the employment exchange? She believes she is entitled to a weekly sum for a certain period but does not know the procedure. Will you please advise?"

▸▸ Your wife is not obliged to attend the local employment exchange when she leaves her employment. She can claim maternity benefit. If she should be incapacitated for work she can also claim sickness benefit from her approved society, but this benefit is not allowable in respect of the first four weeks following the date of confinement.

Back Rent

"MY LANDLORD has informed me that my rent is to be raised owing to the increase in rates. He says I have to pay arrears from April 1, but he did not inform me of the change until June. Can he claim these arrears?"

▸▸ The landlord cannot claim the increase for rates retrospectively The increase would be payable one week after the date on which you received the written statement showing how the proposed increase is arrived at.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

ALIASES. (1) Salisbury. (2) T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia). (3) The "Eroica." (4) Mark Twain. (5) Tasmania.

NORTH COUNTRY. (1) In the district around Carlisle. (2) Bennett. (3) Scotland. (4) Haworth. (5) Furness.

THE LAW. (1) In the very act of committing an offence. (2) A wrongful act (not involving breach of contract) for which a *civil* action will lie. (3) When it is *sub judice* (under judicial consideration). (4) Falsely claiming to be someone's husband or wife. (5) To give evidence for the prosecution against one's fellow defendants in a case.

FAMOUS WORDS. (1) Queen Victoria. (2) Wellington at Waterloo. (3) H. H. Asquith. (4) Sir Henry Morton Stanley. (5) Prince Otto von Bismarck.

BRIDGES. (1) Three. (2) In Venice; it connects the Doge's palace with the prison. (3) San Francisco: Golden Gate Suspension Bridge and San Francisco-Oakland Bridge. (4) Sir Donald Bailey. (5) Thornton N. Wilder; it broke, killing the five central characters of the book.

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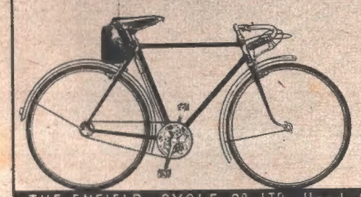

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